

# MACLEAN'S

MARCH 15 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

ANNOUNCING:  
\$3,000 Fiction Contest  
For Canadian Writers

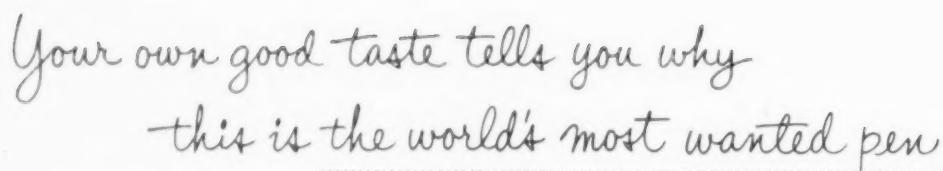


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Sold Visas to Canada

by Blair Fraser

The Story of the  
TORONTO STAR

by Pierre Berton



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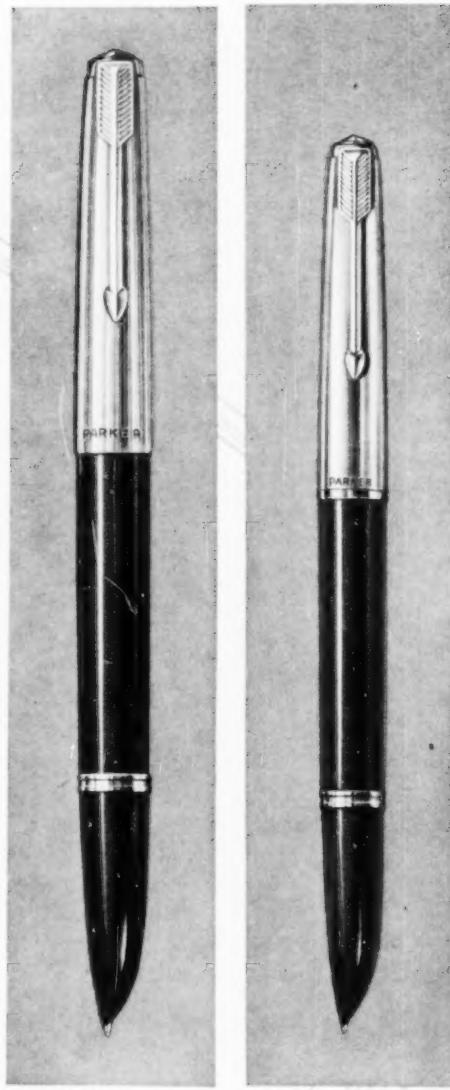
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52M-1

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# Announcing A FICTION CONTEST for Canadian Writers

WITH this issue Maclean's announces and invites submissions to a new short-story contest for Canadians who write or would like to write. As a concrete reaffirmation of our faith that Canada's exciting strides in other fields are being matched by equally exciting strides in the field of creative writing, the winning entries will receive the highest rates of payment ever offered by a Canadian publisher:

*First Prize \$1500*

*Second Prize \$1000      Third Prize \$500*

All but two of the contest rules appearing below are self-explanatory. The reason for not returning unsuccessful manuscripts to their authors is to economize on administrative and clerical expenses and pass on the saving to the successful writers in the form of the highest fees possible. (Participants are free, of course, to retain copies of their manuscripts and submit them elsewhere if they do not qualify for publication here.) The reason for asking that each

contestant place his real name only on the sealed entry form and use only a pseudonym on the manuscript is that we want to remove all traces of the psychological barrier which sometimes discourages unknown writers from matching their work against the work of known writers. We hope many of Canada's professional writers will rise to this challenge and we hope its semi-professional and amateur writers will rise to it too.

## The Rules

1. The contest is open to all Canadians living in Canada except employees of the Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited and their families, and will close at 5 p.m. EST on Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1952.
2. The stories must be original fiction, written by the contestant and not previously published.
3. Stories should not be more than six thousand words, and may be on any subject, not necessarily Canadian. Manuscripts must be typewritten in double space on one side of the paper, and should be mailed flat to:

Maclean's Fiction Contest,  
Maclean's Magazine,  
181 University Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario.

4. Each manuscript should carry the contestant's pen name—but not his real name

—on the title page. The entry form, filled out, should be placed in a sealed envelope and attached firmly to the manuscript.

5. The prize money will be in payment for first world serial rights. The same rights may be bought, at our regular rates, for outstanding stories other than prize-winning entries.
6. The editors of Maclean's Magazine will act as judges.

7. Contestants are warned that no manuscripts can be returned, so please do not enclose return postage. Contestants who may wish to submit their contest stories to other publications in the event that they do not win a prize in this Maclean's contest are advised to keep duplicate copies.

8. Correspondence and further inquiries should be sent to the address given in paragraph 3.

## OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

I have read and accept the rules as they appear in the March 15 issue of Maclean's Magazine and wish to enter my story

(title in block letters)

in the contest which closes at 5 p.m. EST on Tuesday, Sept. 2, 1952. This fiction story is my own work and has not been previously published. It does not knowingly depict any real person, living or dead.

MY CONTEST PEN NAME

(block letters)

MY REAL NAME

ADDRESS

SIGNATURE

## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1952



## **The champ . . . at wasting profits**

## The champ---at saving them



Above: 4 company forms that slowed work



This one Moore Speediset saves 3 typings

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## "CHEERS FOR CHUBBY"

THE CARTOON characters shown here—Mr. and Mrs. Chubby—are the "stars" of Metropolitan's new film, "Cheers for Chubby." This film humorously presents a serious subject—the health hazards of overweight.

Medical authorities report there are some two to three million Canadians who, like the Chubbys, are overweight—or who tip the scales to a point at least 10 percent higher than is best for their physical and mental health.

Today, doctors are urging all overweight people—especially

those beyond age 30—to bring their weight down to normal and *keep it there throughout life*.

This is because excess pounds may place a burden on vital organs, particularly the heart. Obesity may also shorten life as it is closely associated with heart and circulatory diseases, gall bladder trouble, diabetes, arthritis, and other disorders.

Here are some facts that the Chubbys learned about reducing—facts that may help everyone to get the greatest benefit from a weight-reduction program.

**1. Avoid all "quick and easy ways to reduce."** Chubby tried exercise only—and found that he had to run 36 miles to shed one pound! Mrs. Chubby tried the latest reducing fads with even poorer results. They found that so-called "simple ways to reduce" do not work—and that self-treatment with reducing pills may actually be dangerous.

**2. Consult the doctor for advice about reducing.** The doctor helped the Chubbys to lose weight safely. He prescribed a balanced diet that would not only remove excess pounds, but would also allow the Chubbys to eat a variety of appetizing, nourishing foods. He also helped them to develop a new set of permanent eating habits.

**3. Follow a balanced diet while reducing.** The Chubbys' reducing diet was planned so

as to protect their health while reducing. They found that they could eat a variety of foods—lean meats, fish, vegetables, butter, fruit, milk, eggs, and whole-grain or enriched breads. These foods provide the protein, vitamins and minerals needed for building and repairing the body.

**4. Develop new eating habits.** The Chubbys learned to avoid those dishes that team with "hidden calories," such as gravies and sauces. By firmly adhering to their new eating habits, they lost weight safely—from two to three pounds a week. They also increased their chances for additional years of happier, healthier living, *because they knew that—the shorter the belt line, the longer the life line!*

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## LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Taft as President, MacArthur as Defense Chief is how Baxter sees it.

## IT LOOKS LIKE TAFT TO ME

I CANNOT remember how many times I have visited America but the emotional process is always the same. For the first few days I almost feel like wearing a Union Jack instead of a waistcoat and telling people how much better everything is done in England. And then, when it is time to leave for home, I am quite overcome by the kindness, the generosity and the humanitarianism of the great republic.

Politically, of course, the American scene is always confused. It was deeply disturbing on this visit to find that President Truman is now being as bitterly attacked as was Roosevelt in his time. If I am to believe my ears Mr. Truman is a dirty little crook, the pawn of political gangsters, the defender of graft, a dwarf pretending to be a giant, a half-wit and a conceited fool. In answer I pointed out to my American friends that the President has taken some of the most imaginative decisions ever recorded in history.

No nation will ever produce great men if the people do not believe. Perhaps in Great Britain we have gone too far in the other direction and attribute to our public men a code of honor which is not always deserved. Yet we saw the advantage of our system when the socialists came to power without tradition, without experience and with a stranglehold on the nation's finances never equalled at any other period. Yet there was only one ministerial scandal, when the parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade was dismissed from his post and from parliament for accepting two cases of champagne and a week-end holiday at the seaside. When the socialists were defeated in the last election they were poor men. The people believed in their honesty and they did not fail the people.

I described to you in a recent letter how I met Harold Stassen on

the Queen Mary during the outward voyage. Here is a young man of personality, political ability and great character. Still in his early forties he has been governor of a state and is president of a great university. Now he is a candidate for the presidency. But every time I spoke of Stassen to Americans his name was received with ridicule. When I pointed out that he joined the Navy and fought in the Pacific they said it was done for self-advertisement. He is conceited; he is a half-wit; he is mentally underdeveloped; he is a show-off; he is a lightweight. In fact he is obsessed with being Stassen. The tirade never ends.

I cannot understand it, nor can I believe that it is justified. Democracy is not strengthened by the belief that no man is better than his fellows. The very essence of democracy is that it permits men without wealth or social position to rise above their fellows.

This curious, stagnant philosophy is one of the reasons Churchill is so hero-worshipped by the Americans. The people must have gods and so the Americans look to England to satisfy the secret yearnings of their hearts. They cannot exist for ever on Lincoln so they turn to Churchill.

Already we can see something of the pattern of the next presidential election, and it is a complex one. Right in the middle of the stage we have two soldiers with immense followings, Eisenhower and MacArthur. The first made his reputation in Europe; the second in the Far East. Eisenhower stands high in the esteem of the administration. MacArthur stands so low that he is no more than an unemployed general on full pay and in civvies.

More than once in the long life of these London Letters I have ventured on political prophecy; nor have I always been wrong. In fact I unblushingly recall *Continued on page 50*

## BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

### A Dominion, First and Last

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

**I**N OTTAWA, where nothing is more fun than the splitting of a constitutional hair, you can still get up an argument any day over the accession of Queen Elizabeth II.

The Question: "Did the Government of Canada register a milestone in the development of the Commonwealth, or did it merely make an ass of itself?"

The Answer (according to the Government of Canada): "Neither."

The argument originates with the fact that Canada was the first of Queen Elizabeth's dominions to proclaim her Queen. Britain didn't do it until the next day, and the other dominions followed Britain. Thus for twenty-four hours Canada was in a fine position to convince anybody, even Representative Timothy Sheean, of Illinois, that we are no longer a British colony but a free independent nation which happens, by a recurrent coincidence, to have the same sovereign as Britain.

As another means of making that point clear at home and abroad, the present Canadian Government has for some time been systematically dropping the word "dominion" from various Canadian statutes and usages. As Prime Minister St. Laurent has said, Canada *is* a dominion all right, but he contends there's no law to lay it down that the *title* of the country is "Dominion of Canada." It's just "Canada," he says, and that's how it should be. The word "dominion" is confusing to some people, he thinks.

Nevertheless, when the Government of Canada demonstrated its independence by being the first to proclaim the Princess Elizabeth

Alexandra Mary our only lawful and rightful Liege Lady, the proclamation used the old form:

Elizabeth the Second by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions beyond the Seas QUEEN.

When the British proclamation was uttered next day the words were quite different:

Queen Elizabeth the Second by the Grace of God Queen of this realm and of all her other realms and territories, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc.

Loud malicious chuckles broke out all over town, some of them in the sacred precincts of the East Block itself. In its haste to be the first to proclaim the Queen, Canada had apparently been the last to use an outmoded royal title containing the very phrase which the Canadian Government least liked: "The British dominions beyond the seas." One in the eye for the Grits, said the Tories with satisfaction.

But among the cloistered few whose job it is to look after these things there was no dismay at all. In the first place, they said, the whole thing had been an unpremeditated accident. In the second place, it wouldn't do anyone any harm.

Canada had not "rushed" to be the first to proclaim the Queen, they explained. Canada had merely gone ahead for lack of any reason to delay. In this country the accession is automatic; in Britain it is not. Accession to the Throne of Britain is governed by the Act of Settlement, whereby the sovereign must take an oath

*Continued on page 66*



## "This 8-hour shower left me dry!"

ESTHER WILLIAMS co-star of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "SKIRTS AHOY!" Color by Technicolor



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On the city desk, in an atmosphere that looks like bedlam to the visitor, the day's events are fed into the Star machine. Man-bites-dog is back-page stuff.

# THE GREATEST THREE-CENT SHOW ON EARTH

The Toronto Star got to be one of the loudest, craziest and most successful papers in the world by unleashing an army of reporters on stories and stunts carefully calculated to please—as well as infuriate—some of the people all of the time

By PIERRE BERTON

## PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

ON NOVEMBER 16 of last year a horse trainer named Norman Fisher returned to his home in suburban Alderwood, just outside Toronto, to witness a spectacle that made his gorge rise. As a result he seized his twenty-year-old daughter, slapped her across the face, threw her against the radio and, when she fell down, kicked her. Then he told her to get out of the house, for he had caught her reading the Home and Sport edition of Canada's largest, richest, most successful but not necessarily greatest newspaper, the Toronto Star.

No story could better epitomize the mingled emotions which the Star evokes in Toronto. Like the irate father, most of the Star's four hundred and twenty-four thousand subscribers have at one time or another felt like lashing out at it in blind fury. Like the daughter, most of them at other times have found they simply could not live without it even at the risk of physical assault. Each day the Star enrages more people. Each day more people lay down three cents to buy it.

This is only one of the confounding things about a newspaper whose disdain for its readers at one moment is as axiomatic as its solicitude for them the next. Like its founder Joseph E. Atkinson, the millworker who became the most powerful newspaper publisher in Canada, and his son-in-law and present Star president, Harry C. Hindmarsh, the sphinx of



Joseph E. Atkinson at his first desk. He hated booze and the old school tie.

# "HOLY JOE" ATKINSON, HALF RADICAL, HALF BOURBON, GAY

journalism, the paper itself has been an enigma throughout most of its checkered history.

The Star has espoused all the left-wing causes of the past half century from Laurier Liberalism to Tim Buck Communism but it has been bitterly attacked by Liberals, Socialists and Communists alike. It devoted so much space to the Liberal cause in the Ontario provincial election last November that in one edition there was no room for international news. But the Liberal caucus blamed it, probably rightly, for the debacle the party suffered on voting day—only seven party candidates were elected.

The Star has been an ardent spokesman for labor since it was started in 1892 by a group of striking printers, but its own labor policies have never been free of controversy. Few can forget that it once sent thirteen reporters their notice of dismissal on Christmas Eve. Yet at the same time it has been fantastically generous, on impulse, to members of its staff. It once fired a man, gave him a parting gift of ten thousand dollars and later hired him back. When the CIO invaded Canada it was the Star alone that welcomed it with open editorial arms. But shortly afterward the paper smashed the formation of the embryo Newspaper Guild in its own offices. Then, ten years later, it suddenly embraced the guild and today Star reporters are the highest paid in Canada.

Until recently the Star's attitude to money has

been cavalier at one moment and miserly the next. One month Star reporters could (and did) pick up the phone and call Shanghai. The next they had to have written permission to put in a ten-cent call to Scarborough Junction, an easterly suburb of Toronto.

But perhaps the biggest paradox has been the wild journalistic brew served up by the Star, a baffling potpourri of the ridiculous and the sublime. It has been responsible for some of the notable scoops in Canadian newspaper history. It has covered the news with a verve unmatched by any rival. But, together with its sister publication, the Star Weekly, it has also been responsible for some of the quaintest journalism on record. The Weekly is perhaps the only publication in the world to buy up illustrations by the batch and then look for short stories to fit them. The Daily is certainly the only one to run "God Save The King" in 110-point condensed Gothic type as an exhortation to vote Liberal.

## "What!" Exclaimed the Duke

The Star's method of covering the news by gangs of a dozen or more reporters is legendary. One reporter, now with the *Globe and Mail*, recalls being sent by the Star to cover the sinking of the lake boat *Manasoo* at Georgian Bay. On arrival at the telegraph office he counted twenty-six other Star reporters who had preceded him.

During the recent Royal Tour the Star sent thirty men to meet the royal plane at Quebec and another thirty to Ottawa. Hordes of them appear to have crept into the reception lineup when the royal couple met the Press. "What!" exclaimed the Duke of Edinburgh as he shook hands with Star man No. 7. "Not the Toronto Star again!"

When the Prince of Wales rode to the hounds a Star man, nothing daunted, leaped on a horse and rode behind him. When Harold Vermilyea was hanged for chopping up his mother, a Star man climbed the jail wall to witness the execution. He was not deterred by the fact that Vermilyea was his uncle. When a CNR train crashed at Drocourt in March 1929 killing eighteen people a Star man landed by plane on a frozen lake, then hiked all night ten miles through the bush to reach the scene. When the lake ship *Agowa* foundered off Manitoulin Island in 1927 a Star man hired an entire train so he could be first to interview the survivors.

During the riots in Kingston Penitentiary in the mid-Thirties, hordes of reporters vainly tried to get inside. Gordon Sinclair of the Star brushed his way past the guards with an official sounding "Excuse me!" and walked uninvited down the corridors. Sinclair decided this wasn't dramatic enough. When he emerged he sent a wire to his office, "Sinclair has got inside Kingston," and signed it with another reporter's name. Fifteen minutes later he sent a second wire, "Sinclair still

## IT MADE SOME FAMOUS; OTHERS WON FAME IN SPITE OF IT



Gordon Sinclair



Fred Griffin



Lou Marsh



Pierre Van Paassen

Morley Callaghan

Sinclair girded globe for Star; now writes a radio column. Griffin, its great reporter, died in harness.

Sports editor Lou Marsh got 34 columns when he died. Only the King and Atkinson rated more.

Fame came to war correspondent Van Paassen and novelist Callaghan after they left the Star.



Fred Davis



R. E. Knowles



Ernest Hemingway



Gregory Clark

Jimmy Frise

Photographer Davis descended the Moose River shaft. Knowles wrote some fantastic interviews.

Hemingway was on the Star and Star Weekly from 1921 to 1923. Then he quit and wrote novels.

Greg and Jim quit, too. Wags said Star had three staffs: one working, one arriving, one on way out.

## GAVE THE STAR ITS SPLIT PERSONALITY ▶

inside Pen. "Feel he has tremendous story," and signed it with a second reporter's name. After a suitable time lapse Sinclair then began to file his report.

At one point the Star, feeling there wasn't enough competition in Toronto, set up what it called "the Nuts Department" to compete with its own city desk. The nuts came up with some nutty stories. They got a reporter hypnotized by long-distance phone from California by Dunninger the magician. Another time it heard that a Chicago zoo-keeper claimed to be able to talk to monkeys. An orangutan from the Toronto zoo and a Star reporter got on a three-way hookup with him and held an amiable conversation. The Star has always been fascinated by animals. A subscriber once phoned and asked the city editor to assign a man to cover a small meeting. "I can't," came the answer. "I've only got two men left in the office. One is going out to ride a zebra and the other is going to hold it for him."

But the Star's newsbeats are the envy of the profession. For the Star, David B. Rogers got gangster Rocco Perri to admit that "I am the king of the bootleggers." For the Star, photographer Fred Davis, fedora on head and cigar in mouth, squeezed down the crumbling shaft at Moose River after the survivors of the famous disaster had been rescued, to take pictures of their tomb. For the Star, Gregory Clark, in just twelve hours, identified an "unknown soldier" whose identity had baffled doctors and psychologists for sixteen years. For the Star, Gordon Sinclair phoned Montevideo on a hunch and got the dramatic eyewitness account of the sinking of the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee*. Matthew Halton, Canada's Greatest Foreign Correspondent; Jim Frise, Canada's Greatest Cartoonist; and Fred Griffin, Canada's Greatest Reporter, were all Star men. So, in their time, were Ernest Hemingway, Morley Callaghan and Pierre Van Paassen.

Sometimes, when scoops backfire, the Star has turned them into new scoops. Once a wild youth named Jacques Richtor came out of the woods, announced he was from Great Slave Lake and had never seen a streetcar. The Star got to him first and took him over. After it had milked the story it hired psychologists who were able to prove the lad a fake. He was from Cincinnati all the time. It was another exclusive for the Star.

One of the many Star paradoxes is that while its owner, Joseph Atkinson, was never partial to royalty, it spent one hundred thousand dollars, far more than any other paper, covering the Royal Tour of 1939. "We're not publicity agents for Buckingham Palace, you know, Harry," Atkinson used to say in his high-pitched voice to H. C. Hindmarsh, his vice-president. But Hindmarsh knew what he was doing. The Star, which likes to please all of the people some of the time, was going through one of those strange serpentlike contortions that have characterized its career. It had just finished supporting Tim Buck in an election campaign and in doing so had angered the Catholic population. To mollify the church, it sent Gregory Clark to Italy to cover the election of the new Pope. The resultant shrill coverage enraged Toronto's strong Orange population. Hindmarsh decided to wrap the Star in the British flag.

The Royal Tour was handled like a complicated military operation. Some seventy reporters got detailed orders day by day. Teams descended on every town and hamlet in Canada and bought up verandas, front windows and other vantage points along the parade routes. It was said that Their Majesties were never out of the sight of a man from the Toronto Star. Even at railroad crossings, Star men would pop up and snap the royal train as it went by. At one point there were twenty-seven Star staffers living in the Chateau Frontenac hotel in Quebec.

By the time the King and Queen reached Toronto the Star had whipped itself and its subscribers into a frenzy. A small fortune had

been spent decorating its twenty-one-story skyscraper on King Street and this was crowned by an immense photograph of Their Majesties. Now nothing would do but that the Star secure a photograph of Their Majesties admiring the picture. Hindmarsh gave the order in his slow deep voice that brooks no reply. Gerry Brown, in charge of Royal Tour coverage, gulped and then called in a curious but useful man named Major Claude Pascoe.

Pascoe, now retired on pension, was one of those peculiar journalistic creatures found only on papers like the Star. Of Falstaffian build and with a military background that included the Russian and Irish revolutions, he was not so much a reporter as a fixer and finagler. He had, on one occasion, contrived to hoax an entire airplane away from the rival Mail and Empire during the Moose River mine disaster.

It promptly turned out that Pascoe and the royal chauffeur had been in the Black Watch together. Pascoe asked for expense money for beer. The Star, which is death on drinking, forked it over. The following day the chauffeur read his script perfectly. As the royal car passed the Star display he pointed up at it and cried, "Look, Your Majesties!" Their Majesties, being human, looked. Instantly, fifteen Star photographers spotted in the vicinity, took their pictures. The Star ran the best one six columns wide.

The Star has always been a paper which believes in doing things in a big way. The most astonishing example was its coverage of the death of its sports editor Lou Marsh in March 1936. The paper ran thirty-four columns of type including fifty-six separate news stories and ten pictures eulogizing Marsh. Only George V got more space that year. Forty reporters covered the funeral and every public figure was canvassed for testimonials to the dead man from the Premier right down to Red Ryan, the ex-convict who had written *How I Reformed* exclusively for the Star and was later to unreform in a spectacular and bloody manner. (He was shot down by police during a liquor store robbery.)

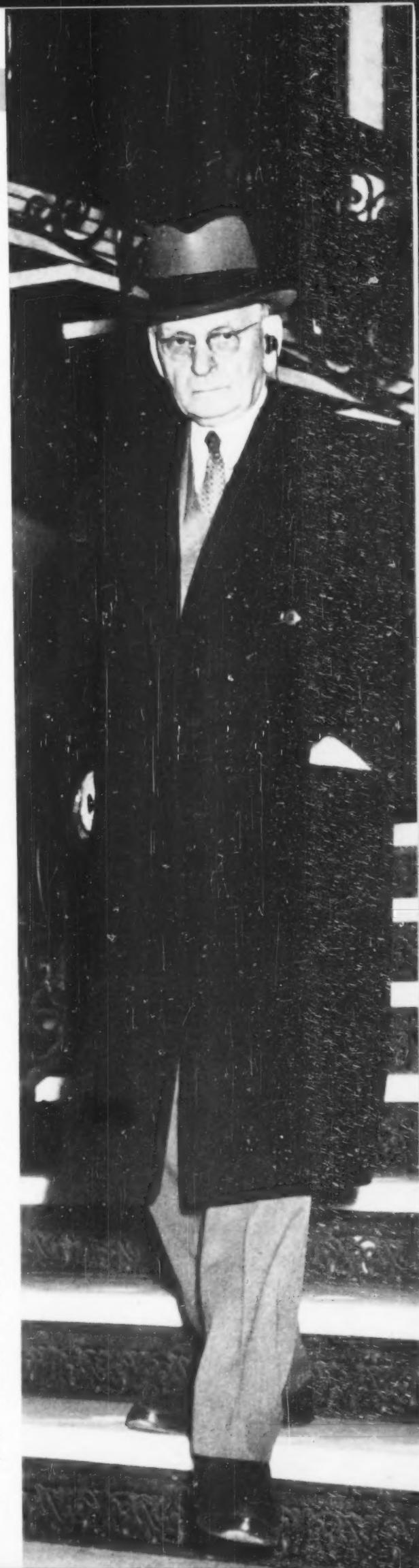
### "I Am Asking the Questions!"

But stranger birds of passage than Ryan have roosted with the Star. Two of the most singular have been the late R. E. Knowles, who referred to himself in his own copy as "Canada's Greatest Reporter," and Augustus Bridle, the paper's long-time art, music and drama critic, whose incredible prose still continues to astonish that watchdog of colloquial English, the *New Yorker* magazine.

Knowles was an unfrocked Presbyterian minister from Galt and his position on the Star was unique. Without any real newspaper experience he handled all the Star's major interviews. He was always driven to the interview by a Star reporter and he behaved at all times like an Oriental potentate. Usually he knew nothing about the man he was to see. His questions were prepared for him by the Star's staff and written down on pieces of paper with spaces left for the answers. Usually Knowles' stories dealt more with the questions than the answers. "I am asking the questions here," he would say, imperiously, to his subjects. "I don't want interruptions and I want the answers to be short and pithy." He wrote in an unreadable longhand which was transcribed with great difficulty by lesser men. Often he enraged the people he interviewed. "I wish you and I were both locomotives," he told one visiting coloratura, "so that we could meet head on." The interview terminated abruptly.

But Atkinson, who had a mania for hiring preachers, unfrocked or not, liked him. "I often think, Mr. Knowles," he remarked once, "that you are the intellectual superior of anyone you interview."

One of the people Knowles interviewed was Albert Einstein. Knowles wrote ten columns. The first three told how *Continued on page 57*



# HOW RACKETEERS SOLD

**CORRUPT CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND UNSCRUPULOUS TRAVEL AGENTS**

**HAVE EXTORTED THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO SMUGGLE ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS**

**INTO CANADA. THIS MACLEAN'S REPORT ON AN INTERNATIONAL RACKET SHOWS**

**ITS TOOLS INCLUDED BRIBERY, BLACKMAIL AND A BEAUTIFUL BLOND SEDUCTRESS**

**By BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

ONE DAY LAST summer an Italian immigrant named Girolama Liuzzo arrived at Dorval airport, outside Montreal. He looked no more suspicious than any of the other forty thousand Italians who have come to Canada since the war. His name was on the approved immigration list and his travel documents were in order.

Only one thing seemed odd to the immigration officer on duty. Liuzzo was listed as a farm worker, but he didn't know any Canadian farmer. All he had to indicate his destination was a slip of paper bearing the words:

"Petrone Travel Agency, 1410 Stanley Street, Montreal."

The officer had heard of the Petrone Travel Agency before. He decided to keep Liuzzo at Dorval until the documents on both sides of the Atlantic could be checked. The officer didn't know it, but that decision was the first real break in exposure of an international racket which immigration officials had been trying to track down for three years.

Even now they don't know all about it by any means. They don't know how many immigrants have been smuggled or "assisted" into Canada, and through Canada to the United States. They don't know positively how many officials in Canada and in Italy were involved. They can't prove, although they suspect, that the racket has been operated under a single

central direction, selling "underground railway" passages from Italy through Canada to the United States at one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars apiece.

But they know a lot more than they knew eight months ago and they are finding out more every day. For instance:

They know dozens, perhaps hundreds, of Italians came to Canada on false visas, issued for a price by a former Canadian immigration officer in Rome.

They know at least four ex-officers of the Canadian immigration service have taken bribes from immigrants or so-called "travel agents" or both.

They know hundreds, maybe thousands, of Italians paid two hundred to fifteen hundred dollars to such "travel agents" for services which were either illegal or unnecessary. Reputable agencies make no charge for service and counsel in immigration formalities, but of course they deal only with bona fide immigrants.

They know many of the Italians who paid their way in had previously been rejected by honest immigration officers: some on security grounds as former Fascists, some because of bad health, some as generally unsuitable. Others were ignorant dupes who could have entered Canada without paying anyone a cent. Still others knew quite well they were legally admissible to Canada, but were buying illegal admission to the United States.

All this had been suspected for several years. It was gossip in the Italian colonies of Montreal, Toronto and New York that some Canadian immigration officers would take bribes, that anyone could get into Canada if he knew the right palms to grease. The honest ninety-nine-and-a-half percent in the Immigration Department burned with shame and indignation at this gossip, but they knew it was true. Queer things kept turning up—enough to show that crooked work was going on, but not enough to point to any individual with certainty.

There was the farm-labor racket, for example. Until last year Italian farm workers coming to Canada had to be sponsored individually by farmers offering each man an assured job. A Montreal travel agent has since admitted that he paid farmers fifty to one hundred dollars apiece for their signatures on applications for farm labor.

The regulations have now been changed, largely to stop this racket: individual sponsors are no longer required. While the previous regulation was in force it was a gold mine. One farmer near Montreal applied for no fewer than eighty Italian laborers in a single season, none of whom of course ever showed up at his farm. If he charged the top rate for each of his protégés, that farmer made eight thousand dollars.

Every such application was supposed to be thoroughly investigated, so the inference was

# ENTRY INTO CANADA

strong that somebody besides the farmer was being paid. But who?

In 1950 the Petrone Travel Agency was discovered to be using an unusual form of person-to-person advertising. To the relatives of prospective immigrants the Petrone agent would display a letter of warm recommendation, supposedly signed by the superintendent of immigration at Montreal. The letter was written on genuine Immigration Department stationery

—only the signature was forged. There is still no proof who forged the superintendent's name, though two officials resigned in some haste during the investigation. They gave no reason and none was asked of them. For lack of evidence the matter was dropped.

And so the first loose thread that really started to unravel the seamy fabric of the immigration racket was the case of Girolama Liuzzo at Dorval.

Liuzzo's passport bore a genuine Canadian visa stamp, issued at Rome and initialed by a Canadian immigration officer, George G. Wilson. In Rome there was no record that any such visa had ever been issued. Liuzzo had never even applied for admission to Canada, so far as the official records showed.

Other visas initialed by George Wilson were stopped at various ports of entry. They too showed a singular lack of documentation. Many of them had been issued to applicants previously rejected. Wilson was brought back to Montreal for interrogation last August.

He told a curious story. Soon after he arrived in Rome in Feb. 1950, Wilson said, he had a visit from a gorgeous blonde. She wanted a visa for her brother, who had been rejected not long before, and "she offered an compensation her virtue." The brother got his visa a few days later.

Then, according to Wilson, other unsavory characters kept turning up in ever larger numbers, demanding visas for themselves or their unsavory friends, and threatening to expose him if he didn't comply. Thus, yielding to blackmail, he had given out more and more false visas during the eighteen months he was posted in Rome and Naples.

That is Wilson's story. RCMP investigators believe it is mostly poppycock. It's true they have located one immigrant with the same name as the gorgeous blonde, but the dates don't tally. The blonde, by Wilson's account, scored her amorous triumph in March 1950. The namesake, who might or might not have been her brother, was not refused a visa until March 3, 1951, a whole year later. He got his visa from George Wilson the same day.

Moreover, this immigrant himself tells a very different story. (He is now under a deportation order which is awaiting appeal.) He says he was never told, by any Canadian official, that his application for a visa had been refused. He went to the Canadian consulate, he says, and made out forms and underwent examinations and questioning. They told him he'd hear from them in due course.

Next thing he got was a message from an Italian travel agent named Francisco Salvo, offering to expedite his departure for Canada. Salvo took his passport, undertaking to get the visa stamped and all formalities attended to;

the passport came back duly stamped, along with the immigrant's ticket and reservations. That, at least, is his story.

Whether it's true or not, police don't know, but they do not believe Wilson operated solely for love. They knew something about Francisco Salvo already—he had spent a couple of years in Canada and had been deported in Dec. 1950 because his own visa was not in order. They think George Wilson issued visas on a strictly commercial basis, and they suspect the plans were laid before Wilson ever left Montreal two years ago.

Wilson was dismissed from the immigration service, of course, but that was all. There was no evidence of any illegal act on his part *within Canada*, and the Criminal Code's writ doesn't run in Italy. The Immigration Act carries no penalty for irregularities by immigration officers, although it will probably be amended at this session of parliament to correct that lack. So Wilson went off, scot-free, to set up a "travel agency" of his own in Rome.

Meanwhile, however, several other people had suddenly begun to talk. Police had an interesting interview with Gustavo d'Errico, who operates the Canadian Travel Agency in a basement office under his flat at 205 Dante Street, in the Italian section of Montreal.

## "GUYS REALLY IN A JAM"

D'Errico claimed he had been shaken down the year before by the same two officials who resigned during the forgery investigation, Charles Anfossi and another man in the department. According to d'Errico, Anfossi and his colleague came to him as total strangers and offered him their services as "immigration advisers" for one hundred dollars apiece, cash in advance. D'Errico turned them down, he said. Thereafter, for two months, every immigration application that he sponsored was rejected.

Finally, said d'Errico, Anfossi and his friend rang him up at three o'clock one morning and asked him to come down to the Queen's Hotel at the foot of Windsor Street.

"We know your cases are not bona fide farmers," they said, "but we can fix it." All they wanted from d'Errico was six hundred dollars.

D'Errico said he gave them two hundred cash. Later he made out cheques totaling three hundred and fifty dollars to various people to whom Anfossi owed money. Then he stopped payment on the cheques.

"I got to thinking it over and decided this was cheap and wrong," d'Errico explained. But he had still another change of mind and issued the same cheques over again—because, he told me last month, "those guys really were in a jam."

Both men resigned from the Immigration Department. Anfossi has been questioned about the tale d'Errico tells and police describe his answers as "noncommittal." He seems to have no clear explanation for the three hundred and fifty dollars' worth of canceled cheques made out by d'Errico to Anfossi's creditors and obligingly turned over to the RCMP by d'Errico in support of his story.

According to d'Errico, who says he is as innocent as a babe and a charitable fellow at heart, he never really got anything in return for the four thousand to five thousand dollars he says he paid to Anfossi and his friend over a period of time. He was afraid, he said, that if he stopped paying they might black-list him so that none of his applications would get through. He also thought maybe they would do him the favor of moving d'Errico clients from the bottom to the top of the heap of files which lies on the desk of an immigration officer.

Another Montreal travel agent, Pasquale Petrecca, of 6630 Clarke Street, had the same idea. He paid a total of one thousand dollars, he says, to an immigration officer named Jean Marcel Bourget, 3286 Jean Talon Street, just to "expedite" Petrecca's cases by moving them to the top of the heap. (Bourget was suspended from his job last October. He admitted taking money from Petrecca, but said it amounted to only six hundred dollars in dribs and drabs of five to fifty dollars at a time.)

Petrecca, unlike d'Errico, was well satisfied with the service he got in return for this outlay. Normally it took about three months at that time for an application to go through the bureaucratic mill. Petrecca's cases would go through in four or five weeks.

Petrecca also provided unemployment-insurance books for clients who didn't want to stay on the farm. They could, of course, have got the books without help merely by finding jobs for themselves, but Italian immigrants didn't know that. The Unemployment Insurance Commission does try to persuade those who came in as farm labor to stay on the farm for the agreed twelve months. Books are issued faster, and with less fuss, to those who can produce a letter from a farmer saying "This man is no good, I don't want him." Alternatively, it is helpful to have a release, stamped in the passport, from the Quebec Farm Labor Supply Bureau.

Petrecca supplied either of these conveniences. The farmers, to whom he had paid from fifty to one hundred dollars for applications to bring in the workers in the first place, provided letters of dismissal for only five or ten dollars. Petrecca also had a friend in the Farm Labor Supply Bureau who would stamp passports for him at five dollars each. For these services the immigrants paid Petrecca twenty-five dollars.

D'Errico and Petrecca knew of no connection between their clients and George G. Wilson, the immigration officer who was issuing false visas in Rome and Naples. Some of the people d'Errico had sponsored eventually turned up with George Wilson visas, but that, he said, was just coincidence. However, it did remind d'Errico of a story.

He had been in Rome the previous spring and talked to many people who wanted to come to Canada. Their applications for visas had been rejected, he said. Then they would get a telegram from a travel agent named Francisco Salvo

—the same man already mentioned by the supposed brother of George Wilson's alleged mistress. The story as d'Errico heard it was exactly the same. Salvo would offer to "facilitate" their emigration to Canada.

Those who could *Continued on page 61*



# The Princess and the Wild Ones

**Jake and the Kid helped pull the strings to get the royal train to take on water at Crocus.  
But it was Moses Lefthand and Miss Henchbaw who worked out the finer points of protocol**

**By W. O. MITCHELL**

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

WHEN Miss Henchbaw got up and stood there with her hands folded across her stomach, she had her mouth sort of turned up at the corners, like when she's got something to tell us and it's good. I was looking clear across the room at Lazarus Lefthand. He's in the Grade Ones. We only got four of them. Lazarus' hair is very black and it puts you in mind of those chrysanthemums. He is the only Indian kid we got in Rabbit Hill School.

Miss Henchbaw she looked down at us; her grey hair, that's piled up like those round loaves of bread, was under the writing on the board:

THE GIRL PLAYS WITH THE DOG.  
IT IS FUN TO PLAY.

"Children!" Her voice all the time goes up at the end. "There will be a half holiday. Mr.

MacTaggart has spoken to the school board and we've decided—they think it would be nice if the girls could wear white dresses with red and blue sashes. The school board are supplying the flags. They'd like the Grade Five choir to open with O Canada." She stared at Stevie Kisuw twirling his ruler on his compass. "Steve!"

Steve's ruler clattered on the desk.

"Now—just the first verse. And Mr. MacTaggart says that whether or not the Princess Elizabeth gets off the train—if she only steps out onto the—"

"Caboose," Stevie said.

"Observation car—he would like a presentation of flowers by one of the school children."

The kids didn't make much noise; you could just hear them sort of draw in their breath. Mariel Abercrombie stuck up her hand. She has chops.

"Mother still has dahlias and asters and marigolds and golden glow, Miss Henchbaw."

"That's nice, Mariel . . ."

"They're the last but they're nice still and there's enough of them for a bouquet and nobody else in town have their flowers last as long as ours—or come out so soon."

"Then we can depend on Mariel's mother for flowers to hand to the Princess . . ."

"Who's going to hand them up to her?" That was LaPrelle MacLeod.

"Oh—Mother—if they were our flowers I think Mother would expect me to hand them to the Princess . . ." faltered Mariel.

"It's quite an honor to have your flowers given, Mariel. I think for the next few weeks we'll keep a close record—attendance—standing in arithmetic and writing and reading. The one who has



the highest average—I think as a reward that child would be the proper one to hand the bouquet to the Princess Elizabeth on the station platform."

When I got home after four, Jake was pumping water into the stock trough. Jake's our hired man that helps Ma and me farm our farm. Moses Lefthand was with him. That's Lazarus' father. Moses is Blackfoot but he doesn't live on a reserve. He quit being an Indian and he took out his citizenship papers so he could vote and go in the beer parlor if he felt like it. He can read and write like a white man.

First thing he said, he asked me how Lazarus was doing in school and I said fine.

"First day he didn't do good." Moses doesn't wear braids; his hair is cut short so it's kind of spiky.

"First day none of the Grade Ones do so good, Mr. Lefthand."

"Yeah," Moses said. "But they don't climb under the desk and stay there."

"Well—a lot of 'em bawl," I said. "Lazarus didn't bawl."

"Damn rights he didn't," Moses said. I was wondering if all Indians are built long and lean like Moses. He has a real deep voice. It is so deep it kind of buzzes against your chest. "All these kids gonna be at the depot for the royal train?"

I said they were and Jake let go the pump handle. Jake is built kind of like an Indian too when you think of it. He says that's from back-breaking work all his life from the time he kicked off the dew till the bedsprings twanged at night. "Sure gonna be some reception," he said. "Crocus folks ain't had a hell of a lot to do with royalty,

but they're sure goin' after her in high gear."

Moses had hold of a twig and he was sort of drawing in the ground with the end of it. Without looking up he said a funny thing. He said, "My folks—they was kings."

"Well, now," Jake said.

"Chiefs same thing. Signed the Blackfoot Crossin' Treaty. My uncle him an' the Queen. She was Queen Victoria."

"That's nice," Jake said. "You oughta be down there when the royal train rolls through."

"They asked us. Reception committee. Wanted us to wear feathers—Mrs. Lefthand to carry Lazarus in a yo-kay-bo."

"Did they?"

"We ain't."

"Ain't what?" Jake said.

"We'll dress proper—like Canadian citizens. Kid's too big to go in a yo-kay-bo on his Ma's

back anyways. I'm not paintin' myself. I'm not a spectacle. We don't wear moccasins no more. So they better get some Indians for that kinda stuff. Beads. Feathers. Porcupine quills. Green paint. That kinda stuff."

"M-hmm," Jake said.

"The Lefthands are Canadians just like other people. One hundred percent altogether Canadian. We quit. They better get real Indians."

When Moses had left and Jake was sitting on a stool stripping Mary, in the barn, I asked him whether he figured the Prince and Princess would be going CP or CN. He said both.

"I wonder what their train will be like, Jake?"

"They ain't goin' day coach, Kid."

"Bring it over on the boat with 'em?"

"Oh no. Probably take the Superintendent the railroad's special coach—right now they probably got her in the shops paintin' her purple . . . he quit."

"What, Jake?"

Jake looked up at me with his head against Mary's flank. "Royal color. Purple. Superintendent the railroad—his coach'd already be purple likely. They'll line her with red velvet—gold-plate the hot- an' cold-water taps."

"Paint a coat of arms on the caboose."

"Yeah." The milk started singing in the pail again. "They'll be eatin' oysters an' lobster an' Winnipeg gold-eye. Her an' alla their ladies-in-waitin'."

"Gee, Jake—I can hardly wait!"

I guess everybody was excited. In town it was all folks talked about—in the post office waiting for their mail—over

*Continued on page 25*

W. O. Mitchell first introduced his famous prairie characters Jake and the Kid in a series of short stories in this magazine. Two years ago he switched them to radio in the popular Sunday CBC series. The story which starts on these pages, especially rewritten from a recent script which has thousands of Canadians still talking, marks a happy reunion between all the shrewd and lovable folks of Crocus and the pages in which they first delighted the Canadian audience.





Mr. and Mrs. Joe Wurtz of the Old Elm Hutterite colony. He's proud to be the only tanner among 150 campmates.

# *"The Lord will take care of us"*



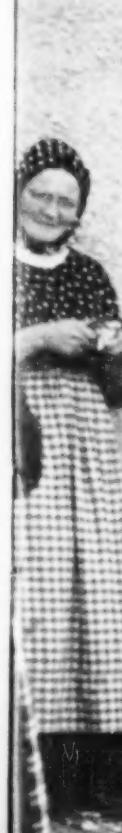
Anne Wurtz (left) and her sister Susie Waldner pose with Anne's twins.



At fourteen Martha Wurtz, like all Hutterite girls, was given a spinning wheel. Child is her brother Lawrence.

To the tolling of a bell the Hutterites of Alberta work and worship, turning the other cheek to those who scoff at their beliefs, their beards and their four-hundred-year-old fashions. They stay happy without cars or cosmetics, and stay out of asylums too

Story and pictures by EDNA STAEBLER



**A** GROUP OF SCIENTISTS recently made the astonishing discovery that while every tenth person in Canada suffers from mental illness or nervous disability, the Hutterites in their communal colonies are almost entirely free of it. In southern Alberta, where more than half the world's eight thousand Hutterites live, I visited a colony that was like a medieval retreat from the twentieth century.

Of the same pacifist origin as the Mennonites and Quakers, the Hutterites preserve similar traditions but they do not believe in individual ownership. Up to two hundred Hutterites live together like one happy family in a colony: they own all property in common, each person is allotted what he needs and everyone shares alike. They grow their own food, spin their wool for socks they won't wear sweaters because their ancestors didn't—they make their own buildings, furniture, clothing, high-buttoned shoes and wine. They all eat together in a communal dining room. Their houses contain only bedrooms divided into family units: one room for a family of six or less, two or three rooms if a family is larger or the boys and girls are growing up.

The management of a colony is in the hands of the baptized men. Every job is assigned by vote. the preacher, elected from among the people, is the Head but he works on the farm like the rest; the Boss is the business manager, though nothing can be bought or sold without voting; the Farm Boss details the daily tasks to the men who have no specific jobs like those of the carpenter, the tanner, the stock and poultry men, the shoemaker, and the German schoolteacher. All work is divided equally, no one receives any wages and everyone praises the Lord.

Though never interfering with other people the Hutterites have had to learn how to take persecution. In 1536, when Jacob Huter, their founder, was burned at the stake, they fled from the Tyrol to Hungary, then to Rumania, later to Russia and in 1874 to the United States where they had trouble avoiding the draft in World War I. The Canadian government then encouraged them to come to Canada by promising exemption from military service (rescinding the pledge a year later). A few groups stayed in South Dakota, the rest bought bald prairie in Alberta and Manitoba.

Because they increased and prospered, kept aloof from the towns, wouldn't vote, take oaths or bear arms, their neighbors and tradesmen resented them. Accordingly, in 1943, the Alberta

legislature made it illegal for Hutterites to buy property within forty miles of another colony and for any one colony to buy more than six sections of land anywhere in the province. Manitoba considered passing a similar law but decided it was undemocratic.

There are now more than fifty Hutterite colonies in Alberta, in Manitoba about twenty. They are autonomous but united by their beliefs, an annual consultation of preachers, intercolony visits and marriage.

I stayed for more than a week at the Old Elm Colony, thirty miles south of Lethbridge and eleven miles from Magrath, the nearest prairie town. The collection of green-trimmed white and red buildings was like a tidy hamlet. Among its hundred and fifty Hutterites there were only five surnames: Wurtz, Kleinsasser, Waldner, Decker and Wipf. When I complimented them on their impressive reputation for mental health they modestly claimed to be much too mortal to deserve it: the Boss, John Wipf, was having a nervous breakdown from worry because the colony couldn't buy more land.

Sunday was my first day on the colony. Its dawn did not come quietly; it came with the honking roar of eight hundred geese and the ringing of a bell on the roof of the dining hall.

While I listened to the drone of singing in the church, which was also the schoolhouse, a flock of toddlers and girls carrying babies discovered me. Dressed like the grownups in long skirts and plaid aprons, their hair severely drawn under tight bonnets and white-dotted black kerchiefs, the baby minders looked as if they were playing mother. To them a stranger on the colony was as exciting and curious as a castaway to the natives of a lonely island.

"My gosh but I like you," Lydia Kleinsasser announced at first sight.

"You have nice clothes," little Benny Wurtz said shyly.

"And that's for sure," several others agreed.

"Why do you wear this ting?" they asked about my bracelet.

They asked me my age. They asked dozens of questions about where I had come from. They gave me a carrot to eat. They posed while I took their pictures and begged me to take more though picture-taking is supposed to be sinful. They showed me around the colony.

We went first to the building with the dining room, the bakery and the cement-floored kitchen with its propane stoves, then to the washhouse



In towns like Lethbridge the traditional clothes worn by the Hutterites often provoke rude stares

where the women take turns doing their own family's laundry. We went to a pond to watch a thousand snowy ducks. "We got more dan dem yet but dey're in a freeze locker in town," the children told me. They showed me a pen for hundreds of pigs, a model barn where thirty cows are milked by machine, a spotless white dairy, painted barns for nine hundred sheep, sixteen hundred chickens, a hundred and sixty horses. They pointed out the workshops, the granary with bins for thousands of bushels, the sheds for trucks, combines, tractors, threshing machines and binders. "And we got fourteen acres of garden yet," the little girls said. "And we have two sections in pasture for cattle and seven nearly all in grain"—the little ones reminded me that the smallest member of a Hutterite colony is an owner of all its wealth.

In the shade of a long white building two couples with babies sat on little painted stools. The women's faces were plain, their eyes bright; one man was fair and placid, the other, ruddy and handsome, looked too cynical for his Hutterite clothes and the beard that showed he was married. "These damn whiskers interfere with my collar," he said, irritably running

*Continued on page 42*

To many Hutterites, being photographed is sinful. The settlement boasts only five surnames; three of these women peeling potatoes are named Annie Wurtz.





Enigmatic Robertson Davies' first novel, *Tempest-Tost*, was sold out in one month and some think his play, *Overlaid*, the best ever written in Canada.

# THE BEARD



Tom Allen (left), a fellow Oxford graduate, helps Davies run the serious Peterborough Examiner.



In Falstaff wig from a Shakespearean role, Davies amuses his wife Brenda and daughter Rosamund.



Brenda wore this gown in *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

## By JUNE CALLWOOD

PHOTOS BY DESMOND RUSSELL

PETERBOROUGH is a medium-sized, colorless, conservative Ontario city compelled, through the whimsy of fate, to contain one of the most astonishing personalities in the country, a writer named Robertson Davies who can only be described as a pure-blooded intellectual.

Davies, at thirty-eight, has written eight books, of which two are textbooks on Shakespearean acting and three are plays or collections of plays. The plays of George Bernard Shaw do not sell well in Canada, but those of Robertson Davies do. His *Overlaid* is regarded by some critics as the best Canadian play ever written and his *Fortune My Foe*, a harangue about Canadian talent emigrating to the States, has been done more than a hundred times by amateur and professional groups all over the country. *Tempest-Tost*, his first novel, went into extra printing a month after it appeared last year and his two collections of his nonfiction writing, *The Diary of Samuel Marchbanks* and *The Table Talk of Samuel Marchbanks*, were still being sold out of many bookstores last Christmas. He is also editor of the Peterborough Examiner and an award-winning little-theatre director.

All of these achievements belong to a man who would seem out of place in any Canadian community, let alone one as easily startled as Peterborough. He speaks with a cultured Canadian accent, more frequently produced by university professors of English. He grows a shapeless grey muff of a beard and wears horn-rimmed glasses. He is fond of such distinctive accessories as velvet cravats, yellow and red plaid waistcoats, buckled slippers and an eight-foot-long school scarf which he twines once around his neck and permits to flutter gaily. He was observed, one memorable morning, sauntering to the office in an orange shirt, purple tie and green corduroy trousers.

The people of Peterborough, like those of most communities, have a well-developed knack of keeping track of one another's goings and comings. The appearance of Davies and his actress wife, who dresses like a ladylike gypsy, led them to expect something exceptional such as opium parties and orgies on the lawn. Disappointingly the Davies are the most circumspect couple in Peterborough and the orgies on the lawn have been directed at weeding the tulip beds. Peterborough reluctantly has come to realize that, as a Bohemian, Davies is a fraud.

On the contrary, Davies' good manners go beyond the bounds of modern social usage. At parties he is modest and retiring, he is polite to bores and boors, discourteous only to dogs, attentive about assisting ladies out of vehicles and elegant at retrieving gloves. Davies and his wife have joined no clubs since they came to Peterborough nine years ago, have made no intimate friends and exchange no confidences. They baffle the curious by nodding pleasantly, going into their home and shutting the door.

Davies dresses like an extrovert and behaves like an introvert; his writings reveal a personality that flutters between the two. He has likened himself to the Chinese puzzle which consists of one box inside another. "Not more than two or three people have ever penetrated beyond my outside box," he has written. This is probably true; people who have known Davies well for fifteen years are unable to agree about his personality.

Created by one of the country's best minds, Davies' writings for the past ten years have been

derisive of Canada, despondent about its culture and churlish toward the common man.

"Those stony, disapproving, thin-lipped faces, eloquent of our bitter winters, our bitter politics and our bitter religions . . ." he has written, along with "Canada has one of the lowest artistic and aesthetic standards in the world," "Canadians do not like or understand good talk," and "A lady, in Canada, is a dowdy, unappetizing mammal, who is much given to culture and Good Works, but derives no sinful satisfaction from either."

In his play *Fortune My Foe*, Davies had one of his leading characters cry in a voice which sounded to his friends like the voice of Davies — "God, how I tried to love this country! How I tried to forget the paradise of Wales, and the quick wits of Oxford! I have given all I have to Canada — my love, then my hate and now my bitter indifference. This raw, frostbitten country has worn me out and its raw, frostbitten people have numbed my heart." Later the hero gives the key line of the play: "The mainspring of a Canadian's patriotism is not love, but duty."

Davies is frankly snobbish toward his less enlightened fellow man. "Talk about the Common Man gives the yahoo element in the population a mighty conceit of itself . . ." he reflected once in a Samuel Marchbanks column. Marchbanks is a man who speaks his mind in any circumstances; Davies is much more of a diplomat.

Marchbanks has also said, "I discovered that the way to win the hearts of the lowly was to tell them that they were the salt of the earth; this is a lie, but they love it."

Also: "Is the junk-wagon horse treated as the equal of the race horse?"

" . . . I suppose it flatters a section of the public to think that the biological urges which they share with the great somehow reduce the great to their level. The points of resemblance between great people and paltry people are infinitely more numerous than the points of difference: they all eat, sleep, fall in love, catch cold, and use handkerchiefs. It is good business to pretend that no real difference exists . . ."

### For Some There Is No Choice

There is small doubt that Davies believes himself to be a man among boos in this country. People who knew him in England recall that he was deeply ashamed of being a Canadian and had no intention of living in such an environment. Why, then, is he in Canada?

"I stay in Canada because I feel I must," he once told an acquaintance with some anguish. "I love Wales, but when I am there I can understand only every fifth word of what they are saying. I love England, but I speak with a foreign accent there. Canada is where I belong." Davies is echoed in the curtain speech of *Fortune My Foe*: "But for some of us there is no choice; let Canada do what she will with it, we must stay."

Davies' income, which permits him to summer in England and Wales with his family, is derived almost entirely from the Examiner, which pays him a salary as editor and returns him a share of the profits as owner. His books and plays will return him a steady dribble all his life.

Davies' choice is complicated because his father, Senator Rupert Davies, has given him and his two brothers

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**Robertson Davies, playwright, novelist, editor and wit, enjoys firing salvos like "A lady in Canada is a dowdy unappetizing mammal," and "Mainspring of a Canadian's patriotism is not love, but duty." Yet many people consider him a cornerstone of Canadian culture**

# QU'APPELLE-



Long ago a young warrior sped his canoe across a prairie lake to claim his bride. His heart sang as his paddle cut the waters, sang—and missed a beat. For clearly he heard his name. Resting his paddle he listened. Then "Who calls?" he cried in the French tongue of the white fur traders, "Who calls?" And down the long valley only his own voice echoed back from shore to shore.

The death fires burned when he reached her father's camp. Looking down at her still face he heard what he already knew: her last words had been his name. Silently he strode to his canoe, pushed off from shore and was never seen again. But to this day, if you listen when the moonrise tops the valley, you can hear the lover's anguished cry: "Qui appelle?"

**T**ODAY the deep mile-wide two-hundred-mile-long valley which furrows the flat Saskatchewan prairies from the South Saskatchewan River to the Assiniboine in Manitoba takes its name from the lazy stream meandering its lush bottom and linking its eight lakes. Three of the lakes recall the legend, Qu'Appelle, Echo and Katepwa (the Indians' word for "who calls?"). The stream

**A brave's legendary answer to the dying sighs of an Indian maiden named the lake-linked Saskatchewan valley that refreshes the prairies. But now the ghosts are hidden by shoulder-high crops, bustling ranches, a score of youth camps and summer cottages with names like Linger-Longer**

By MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL

is the Qu'Appelle, or Calling River. Together—deep valley, lakes and stream—they are what the Rockies are to Alberta, the Laurentians to Quebec, and ten times more.

The Qu'Appelle Valley is the only major geographical relief in hundreds of miles of sparsely bluffed table-top grassland. To the plains Indians from time immemorial and to white men since La Vérendrye heard of it two hundred years ago it has been a matrix of prairie tradition. It is, too, a focus of shelter and comfortable beauty for a large group of urban and rural westerners. Tucked into folds of its coulees or along its willow-treed river are a Roman Catholic seminary, two Indian schools, at least two nationally known artists'

studios, the Qu'Appelle Valley Centre, first TB sanitarium, and first potato-storage plant, a score of permanent youth camps, hundreds of summer cottages and fine farms and cattle, sheep and mink ranches. And it still calls to the sons and grandsons of its first settlers, halfbreed and white, who chose the valley because it was friendlier and less awesome than the horizonless prairies.

"I've got to get down to the valley for a few days," a farm housewife will say, glancing through her kitchen window at miles of wheat fields. "If I look at all this space another day I'll feel so small I could crawl through the keyhole like Alice in Wonderland."

There are thousands like her. Each year they

# The Valley that Calls



In the mile-wide valley, prosperous little towns like Lumsden nestle prettily among their trees.

discover and rediscover the playground interspersed with fine market gardens and hay meadows, with farms bearing the proud reputation of never knowing what a crop failure means. In the Dakotas and Montana, all over the prairies, even as far off as Vancouver, they hear the call.

There are six towns and villages in or adjacent to the valley all with a population of one thousand or less. Lumsden, closest to Regina, was thinly disguised as Prongbuck in Illingworth Kerr's collection of bucolic short stories, *Gay Dogs and Dark Horses*. Craven lies where Long Lake joins the valley. Fort Qu'Appelle is on the site of the old Hudson's Bay Company post. Lebret is predominantly a French settlement where the Roman Catholic public school is attended by a ten-percent minority of Protestant children. Tantallon is a hundred miles downstream on the Qu'Appelle River in the vicinity of Broadview "where the time changes." Moosomin is the childhood home of General A. G. L. McNaughton.

Three railway lines snake down to and up from the valley by half a dozen of the more gradual coulees. Many roads do likewise. Without these coulees the valley would be cold as the grave and as inaccessible as Shangri-La.

There is a legend that Paul Bunyan dug the valley because he needed fill for the foothills when he was constructing the Rockies. Actually the

great cut was formed during mid-glacial times when ice prevented normal drainage of the South Saskatchewan, turning the river's flow southwest into the huge Lake Agassiz, which then covered a great area of the central continent.

The best time to see the Qu'Appelle Valley is at early evening, when sunset mutes the coulee shoulders at Lumsden to a sensuous glow; when the Fishing Lakes lie like a blessed rosary to either side of Fort Qu'Appelle and Lebret; when Crooked and Round Lakes call young fishermen and old from the Indian reserves flanking them to the south.

## You See the Black Marquis

If you come from May to October you may meet frenetic businessmen from Moose Jaw and Regina week-ending with their families or shooting ducks or angling for perch or pickerel or tullibee. There will be business girls and teachers holidaying where they are sure to meet some nice eligible young men; farmers taking a brief respite from dusty blistering fields and—in July and August—thousands of children growing brown and strong in the long days of summer sun.

At Fort Qu'Appelle, "The Fort," with a population of one thousand and the largest centre in the valley, you may meet artist Marion Hamilton, student of the late James Henderson, whose father

farmed most of the town's site at the beginning of the century. Perhaps you will be taken to Henderson's studio, see the valuable Rubens over the fireplace in his living room or the unforgettable Indian heads in his little studio backing on the river. You may enjoy the pheasants at Capt. Stanley Harrison's Stockwell farm, on the old telegraph trail four miles south of town, and see the picture of the Stockwell horse, Black Marquis, which won fame on the Winnipeg turf. At the handsome stone Featherstonhaugh house, built by an Englishman of taste fifty years ago, E. K. McNeil can show his guests a quarter-million-dollars' worth of pastel, breath-of-spring or sapphire blue mink. And, proof of the valley's métis tradition, there is the home where they treasure and display a swatch of crisp brown hair clipped from Louis Riel's beard. The house belonging to the man who nailed together Riel's coffin is a minor tourist attraction.

Drive four miles across the flats to Lebret and you may hear the deep-throated Gregorian chants of young men from Sacred Heart Seminary relaxing in their war canoes on the lake at sundown. At Lebret, stark above the village, you'll see the stations of the cross climbing a steep bald hill, the ultimate cross tilted rakishly by the strong wind up top. Lebret is the place to prepare you for the unexpected, though

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# **MARIE DRESSLER**

## **QUEEN OF THE MOVIE QUEENS**



## A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK by James Dugan

TEN THOUSAND tourists a year go to a small brick bungalow at 212 King Street West, Cobourg, Ont., to visit the birthplace of a movie star who had the shortest of Hollywood careers — four years — has been dead seventeen years, and lived in the house only a short time as an infant eighty years ago. But to the pilgrims Marie Dressler is a lasting memory as she is to millions of others. The ponderous, moonfaced, growling woman in her sixties was the queen of the movies in the depression years. She sat higher in the box-office pantheon than Greta Garbo, Jean Harlow or Mickey Mouse. Her impression is so deep that people start when reminded that she died in 1934, when Churchill was a screen writer, Roosevelt was a novelty and Hitler was a pup.

She made twenty-five hundred dollars a week. She was the Actress of the Year for 1932. Twelve thousand theatre owners voted her more profitable than any other star in Hollywood. She lived in a sixteen-room house and when she went on location her grateful employer bought her a vine-covered cottage and had it moved overland to serve as a temporary dressing room.

Will Rogers said, "Marie Dressler is the real queen of our movies"; beautiful young stars chomped their bleached teeth and knew it to be true. When Marie went to Washington to offer Roosevelt help in licking the depression there were spontaneous street demonstrations. She was the life raft of a movie industry wallowing in economic storm; she helped out by making the unprecedented number of twenty-four hit movies in four years.

Marie's life was all noise and bravura, tremendous flops and howling successes, scandals and virtue, barrels of money and empty cupboards. She had three distinct starring careers broken by long intermissions of failure and unemployment. In the early Nineties she was a top stage comedienne and was blacklisted from the theatre for five years around the turn of the century for defying Marc Klaw and Abraham Erlanger, the despots of the business. Marie came back to bigger heights only to crash under triple misfortune: bankruptcy, an almost fatal illness and the death of her mother. In the Twenties while almost everyone else was enjoying the boom Marie was broke and jobless. Then when everybody else went for the dive in the early Thirties Marie swaggered into phenomenal fame and fortune.

Marie Dressler's last career in the films began when she appeared as Marthy Owen, a boozy waterfront derelict, in Greta Garbo's first talking picture, *Anna Christie*, in 1930. A big advance advertising campaign boomed, "Garbo Talks!"

Before audiences glimpsed the brooding Swede or heard her first electronic utterance they were confronted with a surprise. The film opens on Marie dozing drunkenly in a rocking chair on a coal barge. Her face is averted. Her director, Clarence Brown, lets her get hold of the crowd before he turns her face to the camera and fans out her virtuoso's range of facial expressions, which could shutterclick from drunken collapsed vacuity to a beaming smile as confident as Roosevelt's. Marie belches. She rises. Then she talks. By the time Garbo comes on and says, "I know you. You're me forty years later," she is too far behind Marie to catch up. And Garbo's performance is her best.

The critics joined the ticket buyers in discovering the great new actress. One reviewer wrote a paean to the battered hat Marie wore in the film. Marie snorted, "My own hat. It was perfectly good for years!"

Marie's new era was bigger than the palmy days in gaslit New York. The cabinet ministers of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer looked at the first returns on *Anna Christie*, fired up big heaters in their kissers, and mooted how much money could be taken with Dressler and how quick. It turned out to be fifty million dollars in four years from twenty-four pictures. Other stars helped draw the money but Marie was the collateral on the ventures. Marie never had a contract with MGM. She was satisfied with a verbal agreement of twenty-five hundred dollars a week and when they threw in a dress, a brooch, or a five-hundred-pound birthday

**The outsize actress from**

**Cobourg, Ont., crowded**

**three whizzbang careers,**

**spaced by two equally**

**large flops, into a tem-**

**pestuous life that ended**

**on a rising note of triumph**



cake, it was the sort of offhand token she had been accustomed to since the days when society leader Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish removed a diamond bangle and tossed it to her.

Most of Marie's twenty-four films were standard Hollywood pulp: *Reducing, Politics, The Patsy, Breakfast at Sunrise, Divine Lady, Joy Girl, Vagabond Lover, Singer of Seville, Bringing Up Father, and One Romantic Night* were a few specimens. They paid off because she was in them.

The Dressler bonanza assayed so rich that MGM's claim was tunneled on all sides by rival prospectors. She appeared also in RKO, Universal and 20th Century-Fox pictures. A producer stuck with that week's masterpiece would borrow Marie for a quick sequence and light up his marquee with MARIE DRESSLER in DANGEROUS FEMALES.

Her best-remembered vehicles, *Min & Bill* and *Tugboat Annie*, were lovingly custom-built by screen writer Frances Marion. The former won Marie the 1931 Academy Award. The prize dinner was a tearful service of high hearts and deep

devotion. When Norma Shearer, the deposed titleholder, handed Marie the curious sculpture, those present were moved to the depths of their double-entry bookkeeping. Marie kept *The Industry afloat* in the depression. The exhibitor who didn't have a Dressler might be forced into the kitchenware business to keep his store front lit.

When Lawrence Tibbett came out to make a film he was warned, "Look out for Marie, she's always stealing pictures." The singer shrewdly remarked, "I wish she'd steal one of mine."

Everyone liked Marie, including Lockhart's Elephants, an act with which she had once been booked in vaudeville. The discerning elephants got a crush on Marie and fondled her as a pet. Once Marie went on in Lockhart's stead and put the elated beasts through their tricks. Seasons later Marie dropped in on the act in New England. The pachyderms, who were idly counting the house, spied Marie. They arose and trumpeted to her. Years passed. Marie was watching the opening spec of the Ringling Circus in Chicago. A queue of twenty

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As best actress of 1931 Marie accepts the Oscar from Norma Shearer. Others present: George Arliss (left) and Lionel Barrymore. Marie once stole a scene from the Garbo.

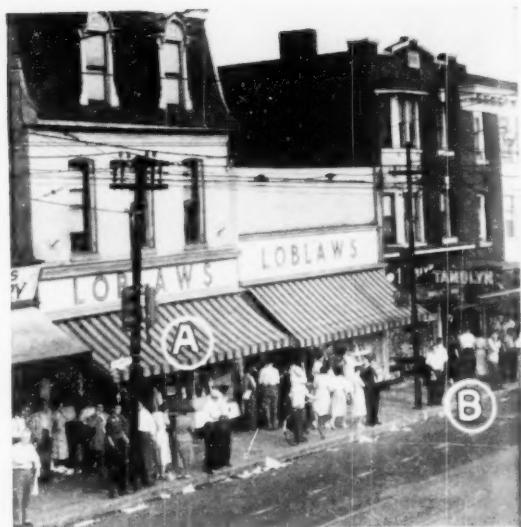
# CHASE FOR A KILLER



Sgt. of Detectives A. J. Payne: He found the needle in the haystack.

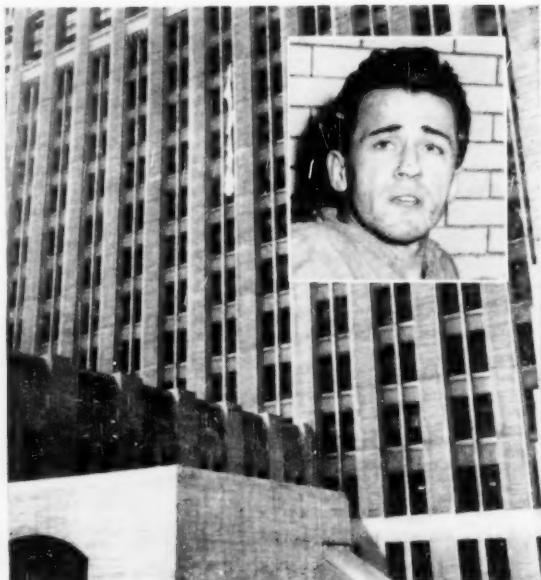
Lay down that whodunit and find out how a real life detective gets his man. In tracking the murderer of Alfred Layng, Trigger Payne used the mixture as before: A minimum of magic, a maximum of work and a lot of breaks, some good, some bad

By ROBERT PENDRITH  
and MCKENZIE PORTER



Where it all began: A seedy young robber, fleeing with \$1,000, wounded Leonard Leftly at A and killed plucky Alfred Layng at B.

Via New Orleans the chase moved to Los Angeles where Mrs. Helen Edmunds was murdered. Then "Frank Miller," injured in a robbery, got out of hospital via a sheet rope. This was Buckowski.



Now the heat was really on the four-time killer from Toronto. Hollywood police spotted him in a stolen car and the chase ended at a hydrant.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK on Saturday afternoon, July 30, 1949, a seedy young man walked casually through the week-end shoppers crowding Loblaw's grocery on Parliament St., in east central Toronto, climbed a flight of stairs at the back, entered the manager's office, pulled a pistol from his pocket and said: "Open the safe and give me what's in it!"

This grim and ignoble little incident started a chain of events that brought violent death to four people. It also provided, for a record much confused by the glib pyrotechnics of detective fiction, something much rarer than the Perfect Crime. The gunman who stood in Loblaw's that summer day was setting the stage for the Perfect Chase—an almost flawless distillation of the frustration and excitement, the hope and the despair, the good luck and the bad luck, the occasional peaks of brilliance and the occasional ruts of error, above all the staggering burden of plain hard work, most of it as unglamorous as selling shoes or mixing sodas, which almost any detective can expect to inherit

when he is assigned to a murder case. This was to be the Perfect Chase precisely because of its imperfections. It was to start with the criminal barely two minutes ahead of the law, and not to end until more than a year later. The criminal was to be caught but not to be convicted of the crimes for which he was sought. And, for all the cunning they brought to bear on their separate ends, the man on the run and the men in pursuit were to depend, for most of their interim triumphs and failures, on blind unreasoning breaks.

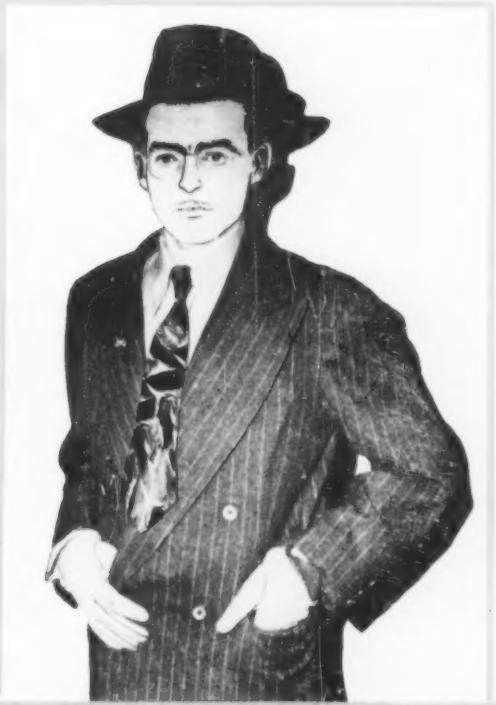
When Adam Stoddart, the manager of Loblaw's Parliament Street branch, looked into the muzzle of a pistol that fatal Saturday afternoon, he arose shakily to obey his orders. The gunman wadded a thousand dollars in small bills into the palm of his left hand, warned Stoddart to keep quiet for a few minutes and hurried back down the stairway. Stoddart stepped to a gallery overlooking the store to see his recent caller sauntering unobtrusively toward the exits. "Stop that man!" he shouted.

The gunman broke into a run and began bulling

his way through the rush-hour shoppers who thronged the aisles of stacked merchandise.

Now customers screamed and milled around in their anxiety to get out of the way. The gunman broke out onto the sidewalk, already thick with people who had been drawn toward the hubbub inside the store. Leonard Leftly, a teen-age checker, sprinted through the door and tried to bring him down with a high tackle. Leftly slumped to the sidewalk, his leg smashed by a bullet. A few other men made half-hearted feints at the man with the gun. It was one of those split seconds between decision and indecision when the average man says to himself: "I ought to do something about this but I'd be wiser to keep out of it."

Twenty-six-year-old Alfred Layng was not an average man. He was one of those unusual men in whom the fear ratio runs low. He was bigger than the gunman too. He stepped forth, resolutely grabbed the gunman, wrestled him to the sidewalk and rolled over on top of him in the gutter. The fistful of stolen bills spilled and scattered. Layng's



Layng (left), a twenty-six-year-old electrician, tackled the armed robber and died at the feet of his ashen wife. The killer fled through the streets. A cartoonist's likeness (right) flushed him from hiding. Then he met and murdered Robert and Gloria McKay (above) and was not seen again in Canada.



Buckowski, carrying five pistols, was cornered in a park where he shot it out with the cops. Wounded in head, arm, hand and leg, he collapsed and was seized. In hospital (right) he flung a cup at an enterprising photographer. The FBI wired Toronto police that the chase was over.

Where it ended: Sentenced to die, Buckowski is led to his cell. His wife Jean Ann was in jail. Trigger Payne was on a new case.

adversary fumbled desperately with his pistol and fired upward three times. The first bullet went through Layng's leg. The next two smashed holes as big as silver dollars in his abdomen.

Layng rose and staggered toward an ashen-faced young woman who stood transfixed on the sidewalk. "I'm all right," he whispered, almost apologetically. Then he dropped dead at the feet of his wife. Ten seconds before, Mrs. Layng had been thinking of nothing more dramatic than what kind of roast to buy for Sunday.

The robber, promoted to murderer in that tragic instant, raced across the street and up a lane. He was followed by a disorganized crowd determined to watch his movements but understandably reluctant to close with him.

About this time the telephone rang in the Toronto police force's College Street headquarters a mile away. A shift was just changing, so more than the usual number of officers were available. A squad of detectives set out at once for Parliament Street. A radio message called all cars to block

off streets within a half-mile radius of Loblaw's.

Within a few minutes headquarters received a report from the first officer on the scene that the gunman was cutting in the direction of Ontario Street, two blocks west of the store. This was relayed to a fleet of squad cars now speeding, with sirens wailing, toward the area.

The police found a scene of great confusion. Roughly two hundred people had tried to follow the gunman through the maze of lanes and shabby back yards that checker the district. Many who had never seen him had joined the hunt. Would-be vigilantes even began to chase each other. A reporter and a policeman in plain clothes were "captured" and had an uncomfortable few minutes explaining their identity to a group of excited pursuers.

Among the first officers on the scene was Sergeant of Detectives A. J. Payne, who stands six feet, weighs two hundred pounds, is red-haired, wears an expression of patient exasperation and suffers from the nickname Trigger, which he earned long

ago by dropping a fugitive criminal with a single pistol shot.

Payne's cruiser was brought to a halt in a thick press of people who were still playing hide-and-seek in the wake of the murderer. Finally, on a nearby side street, he found a man named John Vancott who had some concrete information.

Vancott had been sitting in his house when a distracted-looking stranger walked in the back door. "I asked him where he thought he was going," Vancott told Payne, "and he said he was just passing through. He ran out the front door and down that lane." He pointed toward a lane leading west.

Payne ran along the lane and came to a back-yard fence. He climbed the fence and before him saw an ancient house with a veranda running the length of the rear. He approached the veranda, pistol in hand, and he looked under it. His heart bounded for he had stumbled on his first clues—a grey jacket, a grey fedora and a bluish-grey tie.

The jacket had

*Continued on page 34*



## A Secret Manual for Week-End Guests

By ERIC NICOL

DRAWINGS BY HAROLD TOWN

HERE'S ONE to answer: Suppose you are the week-end guest of some people you are very anxious to impress favorably. The first morning at breakfast, when you try to cut your scrambled eggs on toast, your knife skids, a sausage does a beautiful end-over-end into the jam pot, and in trying to field the sausage you knock over the coffee Silex onto a priceless oak dining table and a visiting in-law who has some sentimental value.

Now, should you:

- (a) try to mop up the mess with the dubious handkerchief in the pocket of your dressing gown, or
- (b) cover up by pretending to throw a violent and extended fit, or
- (c) just ask for another sausage?

This is one of a number of situations the week-end guest must be ready to handle deftly. As a week-end of some experience I am happy to pass along the following secrets of successful house-guesting.

Let's say we have been invited up for the week end.\* Okay. The first thing we must decide is, when does the week end begin?

Some people favor the idea that the week end begins right after the middle of the week, i.e., Wednesday noon. These same people interpret the end of the week end as Tuesday night. This gives the host Wednesday morning free to do with as he likes.

Another type of week-end arrives late Saturday evening and has to leave right after breakfast Sunday morning, creating the impression that he just needed a bed for the night.

Both of these types should be considered as extremes. We should arrange to leave for the host's home at whatever hour will give us time to arrive for Friday dinner. And we may assume the week end is over when our host brings a calendar to the dining table and rather ostentatiously crosses off the days we have been in his home.

The week end defined, we next decide what to take our hostess. A bottle of liquor, while the natural choice, may create the impression that we

Should you take your host  
a bottle of Scotch  
or a black lace nightie?  
What do you say when you set  
fire to the bed?  
And just what is a week end,  
anyway?

Sooner or later we shall be shown to our room. The first half hour in a strange house is always the worst since this is when we walk into closets while looking for the bathroom and discover that the window of our room falls out when we try to open it. It is wise to get back into the living room as soon as possible after we freshen up—the term used to describe an encounter with plumbing excitingly different from ours at home.

Once we get into the swing of the evening we should have no further difficulty until it is time to go to bed. The host's going to bed may be taken as a sign that we may go to bed too.

When we go to bed we should go directly to our room and not start poking around the halls. The writer once had a disturbing experience in a hall on the way from the bathroom to his room as he passed the bedroom door of his hostess. The door being open he glanced in and saw his hostess in her nightgown combing her hair before the mirror. She stopped combing, winked in the mirror at him, and gave a slight jerk of the head that could have been taken as beckoning. The writer gave a sort of overly hearty wave with his toothbrush and kept going to his room, where he lay sleepless in bed for hours wondering whether he had done the right thing. Turned out later her husband was behind the mirror.

### That Groaning From Upstairs

This sort of anxiety can be avoided either by not brushing the teeth or by reading the Book of English Prayer when walking around the house.

In the morning a slight problem arises in establishing when we should get up. We must remember that not everybody has been kept awake all night by the peculiar groaning noise that came from upstairs. The others may be sleeping soundly and in no hurry to get up. On the other hand, sometimes the host and hostess will avoid getting up and making washing noises for fear of waking us.

The best move in this situation is to get dressed, go downstairs and, if there is nobody about, write a note to be left on the dining table explaining we have gone out for a constitutional before breakfast and will be back in ten minutes. If, after we have spent ten minutes shivering out of sight of the house, we come back to find still nobody around we can either take another walk or go back to bed. The main thing is not to be caught sitting at the naked dining table looking as though we must have mush or die.

That, I think, covers most of the boobs of the week-end guest. Except that, as we are leaving, when the host says, "You must come again," it is not good form to say, "When?" Give them a little time to forget about the stain on the oak table and the broken window in our room. \*



\*The procedure is the same whether we are invited up or down.

## The Princess and the Wild Ones

Continued from page 13

at Malleable Brown's—MacTaggart's Trading Company—Repeat Golightly's Barber Shop. When Jake and me dropped in at Repeat's and Jake was stretched out in the chair, Repeat said: "Talk—hearin' lots of talk about the royal visit." He left off stropping the razor. "Ought to do somethin' about those blackheads there, Jake."

"Blow dirt—just blow dirt, Repeat."

"Enlarges the pores. Raises aitch with the pores. Lot of talk about this visit." He kind of lowered his voice the way he does and leaned over Jake. "Some folks not showin' the proper spirit."

"No!" Jake started to sit up.

"Hold still there. Can't shave a movin' object." Repeat pushed him back. "Not our own, mind you—not 'rucus folks. Foreign element. Conception. Conception district. Few been in the shop."

"But what did they . . . ?"

"Not making a single preparation. Wonderful thing—royalty. I say royalty's a wond—"

"Yeh."

"Generation to generation," Repeat pulled up the skin under Jake's ear. "Aristocracy."

"Uh-huh."

"Figurehead the shipa state. Empire. Shade to the left. I like to look at the Empire like a crown. Struck me that way, crown. An' Crocus has her place there. Every single part the Empire's a jool."

"Yeah."

"Saskatchewan's one the jools." Repeat wiped off a fluff of lather onto the paper on Jake's chest. "You could say she was one the jools."

"Gettin' her down real fine when you come to towns like Crocus an' Conception, aren't you, Repeat?"

"Facet. One the facets one the jools."

"Huh?"

"Way a jool is cut. Facets. Faces, thousands faces. Facets." Repeat pumped Jake up straight. "Crocus is one of the facets in one the jools—set in the crown the Empire. Fifty cents. That'll be fifty cents, Jake."

Jake and me dropped in at Malleable Brown's and the bellows going *haugh—haugh*. Malleable said he was all set for the royal visit. He said he thought it was real nice and gracious and charming of the royal couple to save their visit till after harvest was over. While we walked over to MacTaggart's Trading Company we passed the Credit Union hall and heard the Crocus Band practicin' Rule Britannia under Mr. Tucker. I said to Jake it sounded fine and he said it sounded more like guerrilla warfare. When we got into MacTaggart's store, Mayor MacTaggart said:

"Wheels are rollin'. Set the machin'ry in motion. IODE has been alerted. Women's Auxiliaries all the churches. Rot'y—Activarians—Junior C. of C. Real burden the reception's being carried by the Crocus Disaster and Emergency Relief Committee."

"Disaster an' . . . ?"

"Just the official title," Mr. MacTaggart explained to Jake. "Already set up. For the occasion we've changed the purpose. Hig Wheeler's group has switched from Shelter and First Aid to decoration. Erecting an arch over at the depot covered with wheat and oats and flax and barley bundles. Sign in colored lights—Not like some communities."

"You mean Conception," Jake said.

"Aren't lifting a finger. No civic pride. We live up to our responsibilities."

ties. Homer Toovey—MacDougall Implement—supplying DDT."

"What the aitch for?"

"Stockyards and loading platforms. Crrals—swamping them out—spraying them so's there won't be flies ner smells."

"That's nice," Jake said.

"Got a couple mounties from Broken-shell," Mr. MacTaggart said, "that can ride. Dress uniform. United Church choir's rolling. Flags—bunting—".

"Looks like one the facets one the jools is gonna twinkle."

"Huh?"

"Manner of speakin', Mac. What time of day does this royal train roll through?"

"Thursday afternoon."

"Yeh—I know—what time?"

"Why—say—come to think of it—I'm in the dark about that, Jake. Jus' went along thinking of the regular trains—this one's special. We'll slip over to the depot. Way-freight Brown'll know."

Over at the depot when Mr. Brown came to the wicket, Mr. MacTaggart asked him what time the royal train was stopping in Crocus.

"They are flyin' high over the grey Atlantic," Mr. Brown started off the way he talks like those CPR travel folders. "In a luxuriously appointed strato-cruiser—high above the storms an' tempests—".

"Yeh—I know," Mr. MacTaggart cut in, "but what we were interested in—"

"Down the broad St. Lawrence, past quaint habitant Quebec to the hist'ried city of Montreal—"

"Way-freight," Jake said.

"Through the garden the Dominion—Niagara peninsula—North shore mighty Superior where green-clad pines stand their sentinel watch . . ."

"How—long—are—they—stoppin'—off—here?" Mr. MacTaggart said each word clear and slow.

Way-Freight Brown looked kind of startled. "They aren't."

"Whaaat!"

"Take the Saskatchewan prairies faster'n a greased gopher through a thirty - six - inch thrashin' machine. Eager to catch their first glimpse of the soft swellin' beauty the Alberta foothills."

"They aren't even stoppin'!"

"Regina—Moose Jaw—not here," said Mr. Brown. "Orders."

"Then all this preparation, all this work—it's been useless."

Jake said, "Couldn't you—uh—drop a line to the Superintendent the railroad, Way-Freight?"

"Jake," Mr. Brown sighed, "the Superintendent this railroad doesn't even know I'm breathing in Crocus. When they tell me that train's takin' on water down the line at Conception—"

"Whaaat!"

"Huh?"

"Seven minutes—at Conception—got to take on water."

"You'll have to get it changed," Mr. MacTaggart said.

"Mac—nothing's going to get changed. Nobody tampers with this railroad."

"But they could change—."

"If you're looking for your true royalty in North America," Mr. Brown said, "you look at the railroad. There is aristocracy. If you wanna see a royal edict." He waved a sheaf of paper at Jake and Mr. MacTaggart. "Just you take a look at a railway time schedule."

Mr. MacTaggart took it pretty hard. Me and Jake went right along with him whilst he called the town council together. He explained to them how the royal train wasn't even stopping at Crocus—how she was stopping seven

## Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



**BEND OF THE RIVER:** There are, of course, customers who loftily ignore all westerns, and that's their privilege under the ticket buyer's Bill of Rights. But for those less confined in their selections this Technicolor job is heartily endorsed as one of the best in Hollywood's recent spate of big outdoor dramas. James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy and the wild grandeur of Oregon are among the admirable ingredients.

**DEATH OF A SALESMAN:** Arthur Miller's wise and compassionate tragedy has retained some, but by no means all, of its original power in its transfer from stage to screen. I find a disconcerting staginess—a hamminess, almost—in Fredric March's portrayal of the doomed self-defeating Willy Loman. Mildred Dunnock is superb as his understanding wife, and the same applies to Kevin McCarthy and Cameron Mitchell as Willy's deluded sons.

**IVORY HUNTER:** As a sort of well-bred British answer to King Solomon's Mines, this made-in-Africa jungle adventure has a pleasant style and some top-notch camera work, helping to atone for an almost complete absence of narrative suspense.

**THE LIGHT TOUCH:** Art thieves in the cathedral . . . and the result is an occasionally witty "crook comedy." It has a surface glitter that fails to conceal entirely the banality of its threadbare plot, the one about the heartless scoundrel who is reformed by the love of a pure woman. With Stewart Granier, Pier Angeli, George Sanders.

**THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT:** Alec Guinness as the persecuted inventor of a perpetual dirt-proof fabric. The turmoil he causes in the clothing industry is amusingly set forth in this ingenious British comedy.

**THE MAN WITH MY FACE:** Maybe I'm wrong, but I can't swallow the idea that even a man's wife could be deceived—completely deceived, that is—by a ruthless killer who closely resembles him. It happens here, with

Barry Nelson in the tricky dual role. A fair minor-league crime thriller.

**ON THE LOOSE:** Neglectful parents get a well-earned roasting in this family drama. Its sudden happy ending is none too convincing, but the story has some honestly compelling moments. Joan Evans is a teen-ager who runs wild, with Lynn Bari and Melvyn Douglas her mother and father.

**QUO VADIS:** It cost seven million dollars, its stars include thirty thousand humans and sixty-three Christian-crunching lions, and in the department of mammoth semi-Biblical spectacles it adds up to a whopping good show, in spite of some regrettable corn and overacting in its more intimate close-ups. Even at that, though, the dialogue often has a mature suavity not usually noted in these huge hellfire circuses.

**ROYAL JOURNEY:** Canada and her people are co-starred with Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh in a feature-length memento of the royal tourists' 1951 travels on this continent. It's neither bombastic nor boring; in fact, it's so good that it's getting practically worldwide distribution—a proud feather in the cap of the National Film Board of Canada.

**TALES OF HOFFMANN:** Musically, this is an expert transcription of the Offenbach opera about an unlucky Lothario whose sweethearts turn out to be a robot, a flirt, and a corpse, in that order. As a film, it's only about halfway successful—quite wonderful one moment, bloated or obscure the next. A British job, it is not on the whole up to the level of The Red Shoes, though definitely worth seeing and hearing.

**WESTWARD THE WOMEN:** A tough 1850 guide (Robert Taylor) shepherds a caravan of husband-hunting women from Chicago to California, battling such hazards as clashing temperaments, redskin raids, Mother Nature, and illegal male ardor. A "different" and rather interesting western, which might have been twice as gripping if they had shortened it by about half an hour.

## GILMOUR RATES

**An American in Paris:** Musical. Tops.  
**Anne of the Indies:** Pirate love. Fair.  
**Bannerline:** Press drama. Poor.  
**Bright Victory:** Drama. Good.  
**Callaway Went Thataway:** Comedy. Good.  
**Calling Bulldog Drummond:** Crime. Fair.  
**Come Fill the Cup:** Drama. Good.  
**Detective Story:** Crime. Excellent.  
**Distant Drums:** Adventure. Fair.  
**Fixed Bayonets:** Korean war. Good.  
**Force of Arms:** Love and war. Good.  
**The Highwayman:** Melodrama. Poor.  
**I'll Never Forget You:** Drama. Poor.  
**I Want You:** Family drama. Fair.  
**Journey Into Light:** Drama. Fair.  
**Lavender Hill Mob:** Comedy. Excellent.  
  
**Man in the Saddle:** Western. Fair.  
**Man With a Cloak:** Mystery. Fair.  
**The Mob:** Comedy-drama. Good.  
**My Favorite Spy:** Hope, force. Good.  
**People Against O'Hara:** Crime. Good.  
**People Will Talk:** Drama. Good.  
**A Place in the Sun:** Drama. Tops.  
**Red Badge of Courage:** War. Excellent.  
**The River:** India drama. Excellent.  
**7 Days to Noon:** Suspense. Excellent.  
**Slaughter Trail:** Ballad western. Fair.  
**Starlift:** Multi-cast musical. Fair.  
**A Streetcar Named Desire:** Drama for adults. Excellent.  
  
**The Tanks Are Coming:** War. Fair.  
**Ten Tall Men:** Adventure. Fair.  
**Too Young to Kiss:** Comedy. Good.  
**The Well:** Sociological drama. Good.  
**The Whip Hand:** Spy drama. Fair.



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Kingston, Ont.



minutes to take on water at Conception that hadn't even lifted a finger to a royal welcome. All aitch broke loose and Mr. MacTaggart rapped the table with his gavel. Mr. Tucker that leads the band to say they'd have to bring pressure to bear; he said it wasn't any use getting up a petition—have to write our pressure groups. Malleable Brown asked what were pressure groups.

"When you want something, Malleable," Mr. MacTaggart said, "you work on pressure groups."

"How do you start it rollin' then?" Malleable asked. "We got any pressure groups here in Crocus?"

Mr. MacTaggart said they weren't pressure groups exactly but they'd do: Rotary, Activarians, South Crocus Homemakers, IODE. Whole meeting kind of blew up with councilors shouting where to send letters to—asking for the royal train to take on water at Crocus instead of Conception; provincial and federal members—Minister Education—Minister Agriculture—Minister Lands and Mines.

"Don't stop at Ottawa!" Mr. Tucker yelled. "Send 'em to England!"

"Wouldn't even hurt to send one to Prime Minister England," Malleable shouted.

"Sure," Merton Abercrombie jumped up. "To the Queen—let the IODE do that one. Tell 'em to remind her about that quilt!"

"What quilt?" said Malleable Brown.

Over Mr. MacTaggart's gavel banging, Mr. Abercrombie shouted, "One she sold to the IODE!"

"She didn't sell any quilt to the IODE."

"Sure she did!"

"It was a rug she hooked. Couple million dollars!"

"All right—remind her that rug when they write!"

When Jake and me were riding back to the farm, I asked Jake if he thought she'd work or not. Jake said he didn't know, but they'd sure have to pay attention to those letters to railroad officials, cabinet ministers, Prime Minister. Couldn't ignore the South Crocus Homemakers, Activarians, Young CCF Club, Crocus Caledonian Society of Knock-Out Curlers. Jake he figured they might have a fifty-fifty chance.

But Mr. MacTaggart wasn't the only one having trouble. Out at Rabbit Hill School Mariel Abercrombie and Cora Swingle tied for being the kid that would hand the flowers to the

Princess. Miss Henchbaw said all right then we'll have a vote to see who it'll be. Cora Swingle won. Mariel burst out crying. She said her mother wouldn't come across with the flowers. Miss Henchbaw said she thought she would and Mariel cried worse so Miss Henchbaw got mad and she said she didn't like Mariel's attitude and Mariel said she didn't care and she ran out into the cloakroom. I told Jake and Moses Lefthand about it when I got home.

"Don't matter aitch of a lot now," Jake said. "Don't even know if the train's stoppin'."

"Why didn't they pick my kid Lazarus?" Moses said.

"S'posed to be the one with the high av'rage," I told him. "Grade Ones weren't in on it."

"Why not?" Moses said.

"Too little."

"My kid ain't little. He could hand flowers to somebody. He could do it."

"I guess she figgered it should be a older kid, Moses," Jake said.

"My kid's a Canadian kid," Moses said kind of stubborn. "My kid's a good size for his age."

"For his age . . . yeah . . . but . . ."

"She think he's little?" Moses turned to me.

"Search me, Moses. She wants one of the older kids."

"What's the difference?" Jake said. "The whole thing's all tangled up in the britchin' now."

"All the same," Moses said stubborn. "I'm gonna see this teacher. I got to find out about them Grade Ones where Lazarus is." He hitched up his Boss Of The Range pants. "Just in case."

IT WAS a week later and folks still didn't know whether the Princess would even stop at Crocus, that Moses came to Rabbit Hill School. It was after four and I was cleaning off the blackboards.

He walked right up to her desk. She said hello and Moses said:

"He doin' what you say?"

"Oh—yes Mr. Lefthand. Lazarus is doing very well."

"Like the other kids?"

"He was a little shy at first . . ."

"Now—about these flowers."

"Flowers? I don't . . ."

"These Princess flowers. What you gonna do for the Grade Ones without flowers?"

"Oh—that. We had a little mis-

Continued on page 28



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## IN THE NEXT ISSUE



### Pauline Johnson

Every school child knows the verses of this Canadian Indian poet. The woman herself was a vital, often unhappy artist whose brief meteoric career took her from recitals in western poolrooms to the salons of Europe. Jack Scott tells her story in a Maclean's Flashback.

### The Last Survivor of the Hitler Gang

Ian Sclanders, Maclean's Maritimes editor, talked to Otto Strasser in his small sparsely furnished apartment over a grocery store in Paradise, N.S. Here is the inside story of the refugee and onetime Hitler aide who hopes to return to Germany and political power.

### The Craziest Fishing in the World

At this time of the year when the Miramichi breaks its bonds of ice the lean tough spring salmon and tougher anglers come out fighting.

### IN MACLEAN'S APRIL 1

On Sale March 26

*Continued from page 26*  
understanding and . . .

"I'd like my kid to do this."

"Oh," Miss Henchbaw said. "Oh."

"You forgot all about the Grade Ones when you picked your kid," Moses said and he stared down at her. "And my kid."

"Well, no. We have to be fair about it. All the children would love to do it. Their parents would . . ."

"He ain't small."

"I beg your pardon."

"Six years old. He's the right size for that. You better use a Grade One kid. It would be nice if you used Lazarus."

"Oh." Miss Henchbaw cleared her throat. "We—we can't change our plans now, Mr. Lefthand. It wouldn't be—uh—fair. Just—we try to run the classrooms in a democratic way."

"You do this democratic?"

"I think I did."

"Those Grade Ones—did they vote?"

"Why—well—they're so small . . ."

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"Miss Henchbaw—I'm sorry you forgot all about those little Grade Ones."

"I suppose I—."

"Poor little Grade One," Moses said.

"There are only four of them."

"You know what that is?" Moses leaned over her desk. "They got no rights your little Grade Ones. Minors, just little minor group in your school, huh?" Miss Henchbaw didn't say anything. "Poor little Grade Ones," Moses said sad. "Can't give flowers. Can't take a crack at it. Poor little minor Grade Ones group."

"There are no minority groups in my school, Mr. Lefthand!" She just cracked it out.

"Yes."

"I—may have seemed—to overlook—what would you suggest, Mr. Lefthand?"

"This way. Give 'em each a nickel. Then they flip this nickel. Odd Grade One he gives the flowers."

"And what about the twos and threes and fours and the rest of the school?"

"Oh—I didn't think of that."

"Then your oversight"— Miss Henchbaw got up—"is much worse than mine, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Moses said. "Yeah."

I didn't hear what else they said because Miss Henchbaw noticed me and she said I better be going home.

"Sure a mess," Jake said. "Wranglin' about who's gonna give her flowers when they don't even know she's gonna stop off long enough to take 'em."

"Wonder how the council made out with those letters, Jake?"

"We'll find out, Kid. Cream can's full. You an' me'll see Mac when we go into town this afternoon."

Mr. MacTaggart didn't look so cheerful. "Just going over to Way-

we've  
had a  
in our  
bonnet

and we've been  
as busy as bees!..



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freight's now," he told us. "See if there's any developments."

Jake and me went with him. Way-freight Brown looked up when we came in. He had that green eyeshade on whilst he sat at the telegraph key.

"We just took a dangle over," Mr. MacTaggart said. "See if there was any—."

Way-freight cleared his throat. He looked kind of dazed. "First time in forty-two years' experience with this railroad — gentlemen — seen everything."

"That royal train," Mr. MacTaggart began.

"Just before you stepped through that door," Mr. Brown kind of brushed at his forehead, like he had a cobweb tickling it or something. "Came through. Been a change."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah!"

"Orders — slight change in orders."

"Concernin' takin' on water at Conception," Mr. MacTaggart prodded him.

"The royal train," Way-freight's voice took a kind of a skip and a jump, "trailin' her snowy plume of steam an' smoke across the wavin' fields of golden grain takes on her water — uh — at Crocus." He quit and you could hear the telegraph key going to beat anything. "For this she will require — not the usual seven minutes — but eleven."

Everything got rolling; the band started practicing again in the Credit Union Hall; they finished up the arch at the depot. The day the royal visit folks came streaming into town from all over Crocus district — from Brokenshell and Macoun and Ogema and Tiger Lily and Wrist Hills. We drove into town with Baldy and Queen and the democrat and the Lefthands rode with us. Folks came in their cars and wagons, jamming the whole downtown.

Mrs. Lefthand and Lazarus they just sat in the democrat not saying anything. "We got to get near the front," Moses said and he looked down at the newspaper-wrapped parcel Lazarus had on his knee.

"Sure," Jake said.

And he did. We were right down there next the platform. I could see Mayor MacTaggart's hand trembling so the paper speech in his hand was shaking as he walked up and down, his lips moving. Then somebody at the east end of the crowd let out a yell. We heard her whistle.

She wasn't purple like Jake said. She stood there hissing and tingling whilst she took on water. Mr. Tucker and the band started up Rule Britannia. Then I noticed Lazarus Lefthand had taken the paper off his bundle.

They weren't big floppy asters or golden glow or dahlias that won in the flower show. They were buffalo beans he'd picked off of the prairie and Indian paintbrush and brown-eyed Susans. He had them tight in his fist. They were wildflowers.

"All right," Moses said real husky. "Me an' Miss Henchbaw flipped. She lost. You go up there and give her them, Lazarus. When Miss Henchbaw says, Just walk up and hand 'em. You're citizen too. Hers. One hundred percent. You got kings in you." He sort of gave Lazarus a push. "If you got to do your nose," he warned him, "don't snuff it loud. Use the sleeve. When nobody's lookin'."

Little Lazarus he didn't curtsey like Cora Swengle when she gave her flowers. When the Princess took Lazarus' she smiled at him. She smiled at him and smelled his flowers and she said something to the Prince beside her.

She didn't smell Cora's but she smelled Lazarus' bouquet. The wild ones. ★



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## The Beard

Continued from page 17

ownership of the Peterborough Examiner. Since he is bound to this country he has done his best to elevate the appreciation of culture in his fellow citizens.

Five years ago he began writing plays for the Canadian theatre and now his plays are done more often by straining young dramatic groups than those of anyone else. One of his first plays, *Eros at Breakfast*, won the Dominion

Drama Festival award in 1948 for the best play written by a Canadian. It was selected the following year to represent the Canadian theatre at the Edinburgh international drama festival, an odd choice because it is one of the few Davies plays that hasn't a Canadian setting. *Eros at Breakfast* concerns the inward wrangling of a young man falling in love; *Heart, Liver, Brain* and so on are all represented. It is not his most endearing play.

In 1949 Fortune My Foe again won him the best Canadian-written play

award at the Dominion Drama Festival. "Davies' plays are technically perfect," commented Bob Christie, noted radio actor and summer-theatre director. "You can go down the page and put a pencil mark beside every laugh. If you don't get the laugh you're a lousy actor."

Since Fortune My Foe, which is his most frequently produced play, Davies has written *At My Heart's Core* for the celebration which marked Peterborough's hundredth birthday. This play, which is not yet two years old, has already been done more than fifty

times, mostly by drama groups in Ontario.

Davies nurses a dream that someday he will direct a caravan of actors who will tour the country and present Shakespeare out of doors. His contemporaries, with less magnificent hopes, were disappointed that he failed to back the establishing of a national theatre when the Massey Commission asked for his opinion. His somewhat nebulous statement, published in the report, reads: "But if we can develop even one company acting in a tent or in school halls which can move Canadians to tears and laughter with the great plays of the past and great plays of the present (including perhaps a few of their own) we have the heart of the national theatre."

Davies has done much for Peterborough since his father invited him to take over as editor of the Examiner in 1943. His warm reviews of a celebrity concert series have pushed up the required subscriptions and the auditorium generally is sold out. His endorsing of operatic movies, which the Centre movie theatre presents regularly, has helped keep the attendance high. A recent showing of Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* was sold out for the evening performance and a matinee audience of matrons all but filled the house.

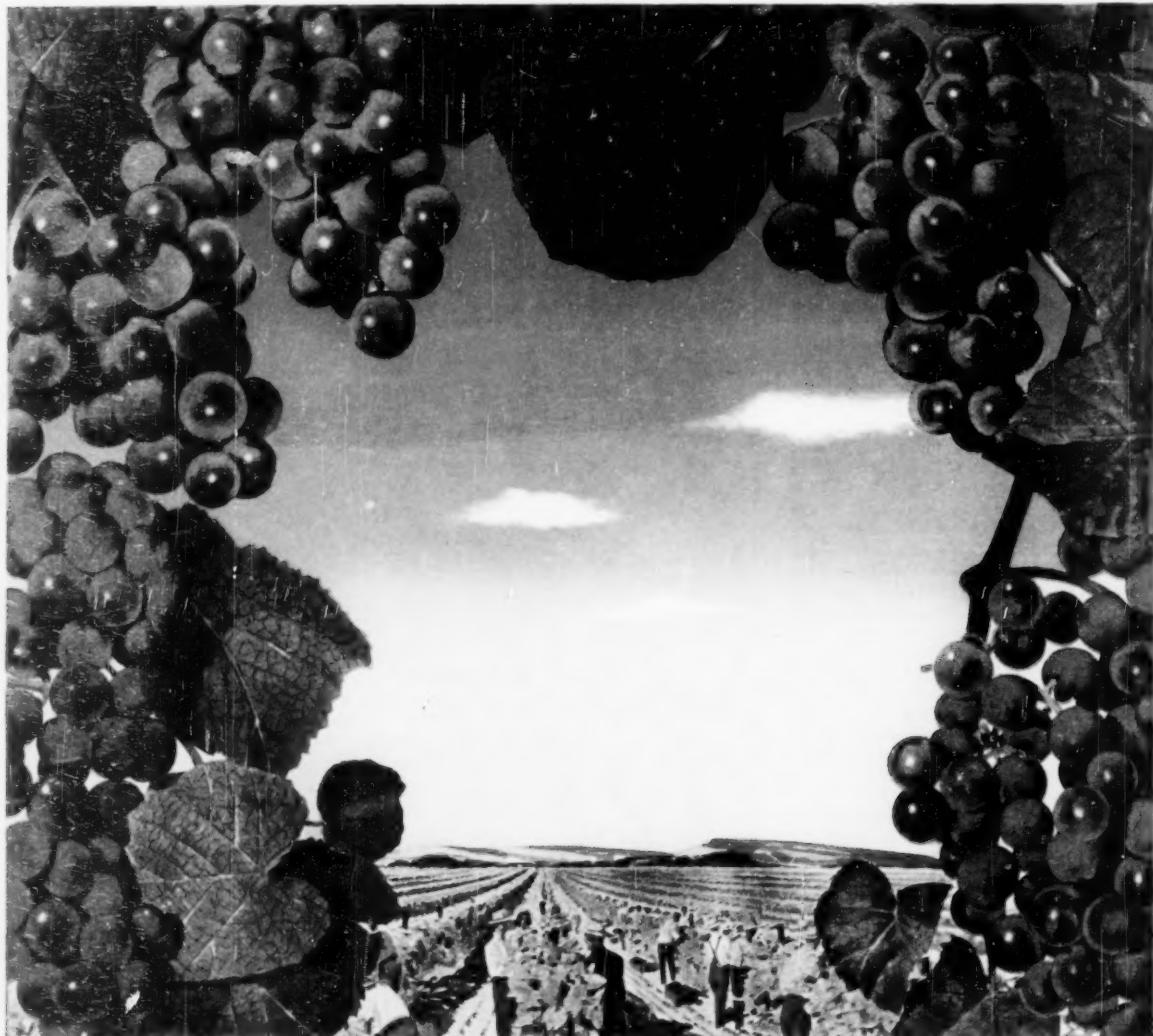
Just before Christmas the Examiner sponsors the local Coventry Singers in a weekly show over CHEX and after Christmas the series continues with a Peterborough music teacher, Agnes Logan Green, giving radio recitals. The Summer Theatre near Peterborough is one of the country's most successful, because of Davies' zeal as art's ambassador to Peterborough.

The third column on the editorial page deals with cultural topics like music, book reviews and questions and answers on historical matters concerning Peterborough. The Examiner was the only paper in the country to observe last year the centennial of the publication of *Moby Dick*, by Herman Melville, or the centennial of the death of Turner, the landscape artist. Hugh Kenner, who first read about James Joyce in the columns of the Examiner, is now recognized in the United States as an outstanding authority on that novelist.

Robertson Davies' greatest contribution to Peterborough to date has been his direction of the Little Theatre. Three years ago the teachers of the community couldn't decide whether to start a teachers' choir or a teachers' dramatic group. They settled somewhat uneasily on the latter and asked Davies to direct them. It was a master stroke.

Their first presentation was *The Taming of the Shrew*, which was selected in the Eastern Ontario Drama Festival to be the Saturday-night performance and for which Davies received an award for his direction. "It was brilliant directing," recalls Herbert Whittaker, *Globe and Mail* critic. "The performance was horrible because the teachers couldn't act, but the directing was clearly inspired."

The teachers did Twelfth Night the following year, selling two thousand tickets for their three-night stand in the collegiate auditorium and it was



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#### TOP DRAWER

Starting out to throw away  
stuff  
Ends with mostly let-it-stay  
stuff.

—Henna Arond Zacks

observed that their acting was improving. This year's Merry Wives of Windsor, presented a few weeks ago at the Eastern Ontario Drama Festival, is their finest achievement thus far. Davies' skill as a director lies in his ability to see each role individually rather than being content with a mass effect. He is patient and kindly in his directions and politely conceals his disappointments.

The Merry Wives of Windsor rehearsed twice a week for five months in the attic of Central Public School where plywood props had been erected to guide the performers. Davies stood against the wall beyond a line which had been drawn to mark the edge of the stage; the cast of pretty women from the public schools, men teachers from the high schools and the occasional member of the normal-school faculty waited on benches at one end of the room—the wings—for their cues.

"You're doing it awfully small," Davies remarked at one point. "It's good but you must exaggerate your gestures."

"Am I just as angry as they are?" asked a Latin teacher.

"No," replied Davies firmly. "You're a toady."

"Now you do a thinking kind of a walk," he suggested later, "and the rest of you keep still so you don't detract. From then on you nag, nag, nag. And don't forget to roll you Rs, George. Then you'll be sure to get a laugh."

Both the Davies act in the Little Theatre's efforts. Brenda Davies, a small quick Australian with a lovely speaking voice, is an accomplished actress and Davies is a delightful ham, who can't resist mugging at the audience. His theory that the theatre is life in a greatly exaggerated form is much deplored by stiff-upper-lip actors who get their effect by speaking their lines quietly. Davies is at his best as a clown, like Pistol in Merry Wives.

#### The Arrogance That Paralyzes

Davies has been treading the boards since he was four, when he played the role of a Jewish moppet in Queen Esther, in Thamesville, Ont., where he was born. His father was then owner of the Thamesville Herald and the family was far from prosperous. After this taste of the stage Davies was insatiable. He even appeared in propaganda plays about health. The Davies moved to Renfrew for a few years and finally to Kingston. The older boys, Fred and Arthur, were ten and twelve years older than Robertson and during their school days missed the ensuing prosperity. Robertson, however, was enrolled at Upper Canada College.

He arrived at that elegant seat of learning attired in a wing collar with a four-in-hand tie and similar accessories down to somewhat Elizabethan shoes with buckles. A young boy in such affected dress has two choices: he can submit to ridicule and beatings or he can attempt to carry it off. Robertson chose the latter course.

"How he did it I have no idea," recalls a classmate. "His arrogance rather paralyzed everyone. He stared us all down."

Young Rob Davies' mathematics

were so bad he was unable to graduate from Upper Canada College but he left his mark in the school's literary paper In-Between Times. The brilliant satirical couplets he wrote have never been forgotten by his contemporaries, who also remember him for his buffoonery in the school's Gilbert and Sullivan operettas.

From Upper Canada he went to Queen's University, where he wore a black fedora, a coat with leather patches at the elbows and a cane. Davies has been asked if this form of dress was not somewhat eccentric.

"It all depends on what you consider eccentric," he replied. "A cane is a very useful thing."

Concerning his odd dress Davies has said: "My eccentricities are all surface . . . Mild unassuming men will sometimes turn out to have the most appalling secret eccentricities, like homosexuality or two wives."

Davies again failed to graduate from Queen's because of his lack of rapport with mathematics. However the performance of Oedipus Rex which the drama society put on while he was at Queen's, in which he was a major

factor, is still considered the high-water mark in the society's achievements.

Still in search of a degree, Davies went to Oxford where he found a more tolerant attitude toward his ignorance of trigonometry and he secured a degree of bachelor of literature. His thesis was titled Shakespeare's Boy Actors, a learned treatise which not only won him a job in the Old Vic Theatre School as a teacher of history in the theatre but was later published as his first book.

He also had some minor roles with the Old Vic Repertory Company, in

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the course of which he ran afoul of a young stage manager, twenty-one-year-old Brenda Newbold. She blasted him for being late for a rehearsal but later they became more friendly and he endeared himself by his ability to cue her when the overture reached the point at which the curtain should be raised. Miss Newbold was unable to tell one tune from another.

They were married in 1940 and Davies returned to Canada. Unfit for military service he tried free-lancing for a time and eventually went to Saturday Night where he did erudite book reviews. In 1943 the editor of the Examiner died and Senator Davies offered the job to his youngest son.

The Davies have three children: Miranda, eleven, Jennifer, nine, and Rosamund, four, all of whom perform in the Peterborough Children's Theatre. Their home is furnished with glowing oriental rugs, bookcases to the ceilings, drawings by Grant Macdonald, a grand piano, highly polished mahogany tables and deep armchairs. They also possess a radio, which they never turn on.

Davies has a deep distaste for radio, particularly Canadian radio. His early plays were submitted to Andrew Allan, the brilliant CBC producer, and were rejected. Following Davies' winning of the Drama Festival award Allan produced Overlaid. The timing on this was galling to Davies. Later Lister Sinclair did an adaptation of Fortune My Foo for the Stage series on CBC and Davies was furious at the result. He wrote the CBC that it had produced "an original work which bears some similarities to my play." He now abstains from radio entertainment.

Davies goes to the Examiner every morning about nine o'clock. In fine weather he walks but otherwise his wife drives him. He feels his eyesight is too poor to trust himself to drive. He works until noon, conferring with Tom Allen, a fellow Oxford graduate, who shares the editorial writing with him. Allen does the editorials concerning world affairs in a detached style very similar to Davies' own. Davies generally does the offbeat ones, rising to astral heights when he is indignant. A pre-Christmas editorial denouncing people who pronounce Xmas as Ex-mas read, in part: "Scald them in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire, we cry! Let gorillas chop them into messes with snickersnees, and let dogs void upon the shattered tombs of their ancestors!"

May economic dishonor, the mange and acid indigestion harry them all the days of their lives! May they rear up seed to their sorrow and destruction, and may all the zippers of their over-shoes stick!"

Davies rejoices in letters to the editor, and runs the most furious ones most prominently. Temperance addicts are horrified by him because of the casual and familiar way in which he mentions strong drink; Catholics in Peterborough are sometimes wrought up because they read insult in his comments on Quebec. Bishop Gerald Berry of Peterborough observed once that the only depraved people in At My Heart's Core were, coincidentally, the only Catholics. Though Davies insists that his paper is politically independent—since it is the only daily in Peterborough—the Progressive Conservatives, who repeatedly elect the federal and provincial representatives, feel that the paper veers Liberal in a crisis. The Liberals, for their part, are unable to depend on Davies for constant support. Labor groups get the back of his hand.

Davies works until noon, goes home for lunch and occasionally naps before returning to the Examiner. Late in the afternoon, with the newspaper work cleared away, he works on his plays or a novel. He often stays in his small book-cluttered office until six. The bulk of his writing is done at home at a tidy library table before the bay windows of his den. He works after his dinner, when the house is quiet. His wife spends numerous evenings alone in the living room, studying a part in a new play, listening to classical recordings or reading.

Mrs. Davies is horrified when admirers suggest she must be a great help to her husband. "That's ridiculous, of course," she observes.



"He doesn't need glasses. What he needs is a haircut!"

But she does permit him to work uninterrupted evening after evening . . .

"Permit me!" snorts Davies. "I'll have you know that I am master of my house and it is run to suit me."

Mrs. Davies sometimes reads his work before it goes to the publisher but she never criticizes it.

"To criticize implies superiority," explains Davies.

About four years ago Davies was reported to be dying of cancer. His ailment was so serious that doctors gave him about six months to live and Davies courageously began to write more than ever, trying to produce as much as possible in the brief time. Much of the Diary of Samuel Marchbanks, a collection of humorous paragraphs which appeared first in the Examiner, was written in the face of tragedy. Davies now feels that his disease must have been wrongly diagnosed; in any case he is in fine health now.

Davies is capable of enormous production. At one time he was writing twelve thousand words a week as Davies and two thousand as Samuel Marchbanks. The Marchbanks columns permitted Peterborough to peep into the outer of his Chinese boxes. He revealed that he was fond of collecting rare old books, of opera, cats, pretty women, good manners, Churchill and gardens; he loathed dogs, winter, Toronto (the Ontario Babylon), John L. Lewis, income-tax collectors, Hollywood and his furnace. Marchbanks lovers will be relieved to hear he has moved into a new home, with a stoker. Coincidentally, Marchbanks has not appeared in the Examiner since last fall.

#### Like a Beaver's Pelt

People who know Robertson Davies at all recognize him in profusion in his plays and the novel. All of the characters with warmth are various forms of Davies; the dull or horrid ones, like the mathematician in *Tempest-Tost* and the Communist woman in *Fortune My Foe*, are not Davies at all. These non-Davies characters have to be pushed woodenly into situations without much sensitivity; the Davies characters are relaxed and charming.

In *Fortune My Foe* Davies is the bartender who regards himself as a Chinese box, he is the university professor who finds Canada a bitter country, he is the young teacher whose woeful sense of duty binds him to Canada, he is the newspaper editorial writer who finds news interesting only when a synthesis has been formed, he is the marionette master, the epitome of tact and integrity.

*Tempest-Tost* abounds with Davies: the woman director who gets her best results by being nice to the actors; her male assistant educated in England; the barefoot musician; the child who loves books and wine; the millionaire who can't bear people.

Davies has not yet grown a beard on any of his fictional people. He knows a good deal about growing a beard. He grew his first in England when he was with the Old Vic and his next a short time after he arrived in Peterborough. "It takes a year to grow a good beard," he remarks. "It's like a beaver's pelt; the long scraggly guard hairs come first and then the soft undergrowth."

Frequently people who can bear their curiosity no longer will approach him boldly and ask: "Mr. Davies, why have you grown a beard?"

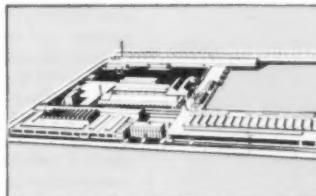
Davies politely replies: "Madam, I have a hideous facial deformity."

Canadians cannot help wondering just what does go on behind The Beard. ★

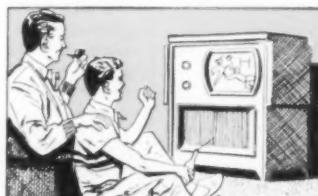
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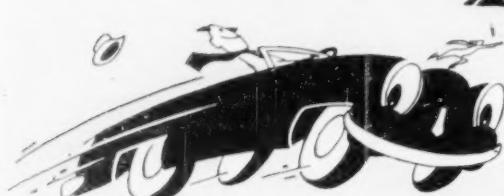
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## Chase for a Killer

Continued from page 23

been carefully folded, an act which seemed inconsistent with the haste of a hunted man. But Payne knew that crooks have quirks, and one of the most common among them is a streak of the dandy.

Payne gave the clothing to another sergeant and ordered him to place it in the car. It was his intention, after the clothing had been examined, to replace it under the veranda, on the off-chance that the murderer might try to recover it later. But a number of newspaper reporters saw the sergeant placing the clothes in the car and Payne abandoned this plan.

From this point on, although scores of detectives and uniformed officers took part in the investigations, Trigger Payne, a veteran of twenty-one years' service, played the major role.

In charge of operations, then and throughout what was to be a long and devious search, was Toronto's Chief Constable John Chisholm. Working closely with him were Deputy Chief Moses Mulholland, Inspector of Detectives Alex McCathie and Inspector John Nimmo.

Throughout that first Saturday night witnesses to the robbery, murder and chase were questioned at police headquarters. Among them was Loblaw's manager Adam Stoddart and the distraught Mrs. Layng. A woman named Mrs. A. Barnes, who from her car had had a good view of the killer as he ran away, gave police their first tangible lead. With true feminine intuition Mrs. Barnes said: "I think he was Polish."

Payne worked most of that first Saturday night. Like most of the work he was to do on the case for the next twelve months the work he did had the steady, patient, exasperating sameness of walking a beat in a quiet suburb. There were dozens of witnesses to be asked the same dozens of questions, dozens of sets of answers in dozens of variations, dozens of his own guesses to make on what dozens of people meant by the same dozens of words. What did the fourth witness mean when she said the murderer looked Polish? What did the eighth witness mean when he said the murderer looked Italian? What did the tenth witness mean when she said the criminal looked like a hardened professional? What did the twelfth witness mean when he said the criminal looked like a terrified amateur?

Fortunately Adam Stoddart and the grief-stricken widow of Alfred Layng were not the only witnesses who had particular and personal reasons for remembering the murderer well. Melville McLeod had overtaken the killer a few blocks from the store, followed him around a corner and come face to face with a pistol and a menacing command to "beat it." Robert Hales had been washing his car when the killer, at gunpoint, ordered him to drive him away. Hales had replied the car keys were in the house. George Bissett, who had followed the killer all the way from Loblaw's, arrived in time to see him trying to start Hales' car himself, fail and resume his flight.

Most of these personally interested bystanders agreed that the wanted man was dark and well-built and had thick features. He wore a grey suit, grey hat and glasses. The prevailing impression was that he had a mustache but one witness swore it was a grease-paint imitation.

After the last of the witnesses had been questioned Payne was called to a meeting in Inspector Nimmo's office. Nimmo laid out the jacket, tie and hat

found by Payne. Alongside them he placed a pair of gloves and a few .38 calibre shells found in the pockets. "We'll forget about the hat and tie," Nimmo said. "I don't think they'll lead us anywhere. But this jacket is a well-tailored job. We might be able to find the man who made it." Payne was assigned to this laborious task.

Nimmo noted that the inside of the gloves was stained. He sent the gloves to the University of Toronto laboratories for spectrographic analysis in which the composition of most substances can be determined by their reaction to light.

Another detective was assigned to finding out where the bullets came from.

### A Handprint on the Dashboard

The police arranged with a clothing store near Loblaw's to display the murderer's clothes on a dummy in the window in the hope that someone would identify them. Nobody did.

All day Sunday Payne and a few helpers had gone over the ground known to have been covered by the gunman during his flight. In a lane between Berkeley and Ontario Streets they discovered, half-hidden by a pile of rubbish, a pair of glasses. One lens was broken.

Every optometrist in Toronto was issued with a detailed description of the glasses and a request for help in determining the owner.

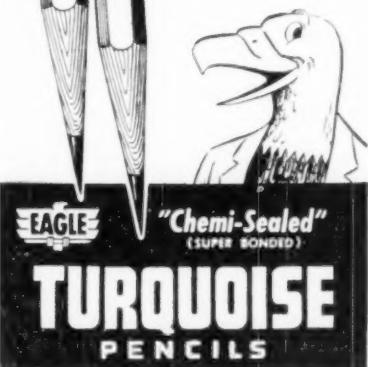
On Monday the Toronto Globe and Mail published a drawing of the gunman by its cartoonist Jack Booth. Booth worked solely from police descriptions of the killer. This, as will be seen later, had important, and grisly, consequences.

Later that same day the Toronto

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police turned up a false clue that was to have almost equally important consequences. A car reported stolen in Toronto on the night of the murder had been found at Wasaga Beach, a rambunctious playground on Georgian Bay. A blurred handprint was found on the dashboard. A copy of the handprint went into the file on the murder of Alfred Layng.

Tuesday came and with it another murder. The body of Robert Smith McKay, a twenty-six-year-old electrician, was found in a field just outside the northern limits of Toronto with a bullet through his head. McKay and his wife had been visiting relatives in a small village named Minesing, sixty-six miles north of Toronto. They had left together early Monday evening in their car with their cocker spaniel. On Wednesday morning in the grounds of Christie Street Hospital, an old military building in west central Toronto, a policeman stumbled on the McKay car. Inside was the body of Mrs. McKay with two bullets through her head. Outside, tied to the car and whimpering, was a small, cold, lonely cocker spaniel.

There was only one link at this time between the three murders—the bullets found in all three bodies were of the same kind. They were a common military issue which had been unobtainable by civilians since 1942. Experiments suggested a Harrington and Richardson pistol had been used.

During the rest of the week more than three hundred letters reached police headquarters from people who thought they knew the killer. Most of them were anonymous. The police also received a number of anonymous telephone calls. Every call and every letter were painstakingly followed up and all but one proved worthless. That

one, an anonymous letter, said simply: "Check on Stanley Buckowski. Hasn't been around since Layng was murdered."

The name struck Payne's memory. He knew Buckowski as a man who'd been involved in a series of minor crimes and was suspected of several theatre box-office holdups. Buckowski had been convicted in 1941 for burglary and for attempted theft. In 1945 he had been sentenced to eighteen months on two charges of housebreaking. He had a vicious temper. (Psychiatrists later were to describe him as sane but unstable and to discover that during his flight for liberty he first wrecked his constitution by drinking and then when he could no longer stomach alcohol turned to drugs.) His appearance tallied with witnesses' descriptions of the Layng killer.

#### Calamine in the Gloves

A uniformed officer remembered that two years before Buckowski had abandoned a stolen car in the Christie Street Hospital grounds, exactly where the McKay car had been found. The place was hidden from the street and difficult to approach. No one unfamiliar with the hospital grounds would be aware of its existence. Furthermore, enquiries showed that Buckowski was not at home.

At this point Payne and his superiors permitted their methodical minds the luxury of an excursion into the realm of detective fiction. No sudden flash of intuition assured them that the conspicuously missing Buckowski was the murderer of either Layng or the McKays. No swift burst of inspiration told them that Layng and the McKays had been slain by the same man. But neither of these possibilities had been ruled out by the information so far obtained. Chief Chisholm, McCathie, Nimmo and Payne now considered a tentative theory: In some manner yet unknown the murderer of Layng had met the McKays during the first stages of his flight, aroused their suspicions, and killed them to cover up his tracks.

The link between Buckowski and Layng and the McKays was strengthened soon after the gloves found in the discarded jacket were returned from the laboratory. The stains inside had been identified as a calamine lotion often used in severe cases of eczema. Detectives checked every hospital in the city for lists of patients treated during the preceding twelve months for eczema of the hands. Among the names was Buckowski's. An RCAF veteran, Buckowski had been treated for just such a complaint—at Christie Street. The lotion prescribed for his condition was identical in formula to the one used by Layng's killer.

Payne and his superiors were now agreed that Buckowski was their man. But neither the ointment nor the site chosen for the abandoned McKay car was enough evidence to take into court. And besides, Buckowski couldn't be found.

Inspector Nimmo and Det. Sgt. James Ledié paid a personal visit to Buckowski's small home on Wellesley Street in central Toronto. Mrs. Buckowski, the former Jean Ann Miller, a handsome thirty-year-old blonde who worked as a waitress in a hash house, told them she had had a spat with her husband several days before, that he had left the house in a rage and that she knew nothing of his whereabouts. Nimmo didn't tell Mrs. Buckowski why he wanted to see her husband but he had an idea she knew. She answered all his questions calmly but, he felt convinced, falsely. But she made no statement that he could disprove. Later Nimmo described Mrs. Buck-



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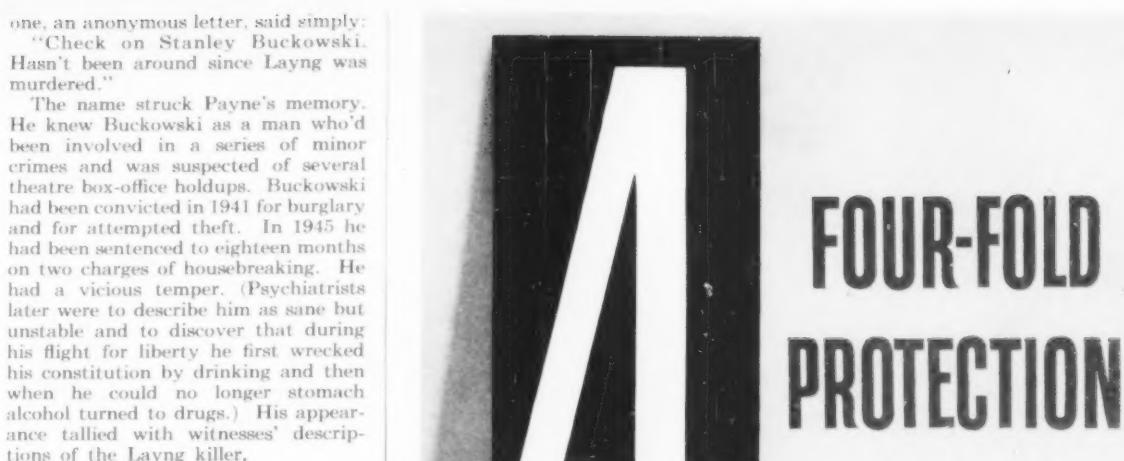
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owski as "the smoothest liar I've ever questioned."

When Nimmo and Ledlie left the house after their first interview with Mrs. Buckowski they carried with them a small bottle of ointment found in Buckowski's dresser. This was sent away for analysis. It proved to be identical with the eczema lotion which had stained the gloves. Arrangements were made to shadow Buckowski's wife night and day.

Fourteen days after the Layng murder, Payne's wearisome work was still in progress. Two of his assistants visited hundreds of tailors with the discarded coat asking the same questions: "Do you recognize this? Have you any idea who might have tailored it?"

The answers were all in the negative. The coat was still the only definite means of pinning the murder of Alfred Layng on Buckowski. One day Inspector Nimmo telephoned the Toronto local of the United Garment Workers of America. Soon afterward his office was filled by a dozen tailoring experts. They examined the coat carefully. Then to Nimmo's horror they began tearing it apart.

"What are you doing?" cried Nimmo.

One of his visitors glanced at him over a pair of spectacles. "We'll put it back together, just like before," he said mildly.

Nimmo watched dubiously as the experts examined the stitching, the cut, the cloth. Finally one of them, an Austrian, said: "This coat was made by an old-country tailor, a good one. He uses a new machine." The others agreed.

Gradually a picture of the tailor they wanted emerged. He had a small shop because the buttonholes were done by hand. He either did his own cutting or employed a cutter who knew his particular kind of work well. The style of the coat showed the cutter was a European, probably from Austria. He might well have a small shop with living quarters behind.

### The Mysterious Other Sister

Then one of the experts cried: "Mitchell! It was Mitchell who made this coat." A few minutes later a squad car drove up to a small shop on Queen Street, near the city limits. It had been Mitchell's all right. But the shop was vacant. Mitchell had died some months before. His son had moved the family business to north Toronto. The police visited the son. Young Mitchell's father had kept careful records. Payne was detailed to go through them. Hours of work were involved. Finally he found the record of a coat which exactly matched the one the police held. He read the card and smiled broadly. The coat had been sold, two years before, to one Stanley Buckowski.

More evidence against Buckowski began to trickle in. An optometrist in the east end who had read the police circular identified the glasses as a pair he had sold to a Mrs. Stanley Buckowski.

The evidence was now strong enough to take to court. But where was the accused? A description of Buckowski and copies of his fingerprints were circulated to police throughout Canada and the United States—a regular procedure in important cases. In all, over this period, there had been seven murders in the Toronto area. Four had been quickly solved, but the department was under fire from the Press for its failure on the others.

The department had reported only limited progress on the Layng and McKay murders. It had not even hinted at its suspicions that the two



crimes were connected. Payne continued his patient redundant enquiries among Buckowski's relatives. His wife remained persistently unhelpful. His mother evidently knew nothing of the crime. His sister Sylvia clearly didn't know he had gone. His brother Ernie had been tailored by the police ever since Buckowski was first suspected. Ernie did nothing to arouse suspicion but his movements provided a fair catalogue of the family's friends.

When Ernie Buckowski was questioned he sullenly refused to answer at first. Then he said that Stanley, the wanted man, had been painting his, Ernie's, house on the day of the Layng killing.

This was the sort of alibi that could bring the police case to nothing in front of a jury and Payne patiently scuttled it. During a three-day canvass of neighbors he found one who had seen the painting of Ernie Buckowski's house but swore the painter was not brother Stanley. He also said the painting had been done in June and not in July, when Layng was killed.

This point settled, Payne returned to the major line of enquiry. He called on a close friend of Ernie Buckowski whose address had been noted during the tailoring. Payne's manner was pleasant and casual. "Just a routine check," he assured the man. The man said he knew Ernie well but Stanley only slightly—about as well as he knew his sister.

"Which sister?" asked Payne.

"Olive. She just came back from Montreal . . . she's working in a bar." Buckowski's relatives had not confided the existence of a second sister.

For a week or so Payne dropped into the bar when the girl was working. He occasionally followed her when she left, but this gave him no leads. Then he stopped her after work and asked her to come to the station. She said she knew nothing about the crime but what she'd read in the papers, nor did she know where Stanley Buckowski was. But a routine search of her belongings produced a notebook containing the names and addresses of about twenty people who, she admitted, knew Stanley well.

Each of these was visited. Each provided other names. The list of possible contacts with Buckowski doubled, trebled, then quadrupled. Payne and his fellow detectives interviewed hundreds of people. They spent days, weeks and finally months knocking at doors and carefully, politely, asking questions. But nothing turned up.

Now the hunt had been on for six months. During most of this time the police had been meticulously shadowing Mrs. Buckowski. Once she left for Buffalo with two detectives on her trail. She did nothing more dramatic than shop and go to shows. Finally, as the debit in time and expense mounted with no sign of a return, the police withdrew their continual watch from the little house on Wellesley Street and checked it only occasionally.

Eventually that was what Buckowski did. *Continued on page 38*



*Photo of the master bedroom in our new house. The floor is composed of linoleum tiles, Dominion Jaspé No. J 724. The rugs are strips, easy to move for cleaning under the bed.*



WHEN WE WERE discussing floor specifications for our new house and my husband suggested linoleum, I said, "For the kitchen, fine". But, he said, "I was thinking of throughout the house".

I must have looked surprised, for he said, "Well, why do people use linoleum in kitchens?"

I said, "Because it wears so long and is so easy to clean, of course".

Then my husband said, "Don't you want your other floors to wear and be easy to clean as well?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," I said. When our dealer showed us the new colours in which you can buy linoleum, and pictures of what is being done with it nowadays, it opened our eyes. Then he figured comparative prices. Well, this photo speaks for itself. And we did all our other rooms in linoleum, too. We're crazy about it now.



IF YOU ARE planning to build or renovate, do as these people did. Ask for comparative prices. You will be shown 65 colours and patterns, with tile shapes and ready-made motifs, from which you can create individual floors of lasting beauty, and of economy in both money and housekeeping time.

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For all information about forthcoming events in Britain, ask your travel agent for this booklet or write for your free copy to The British Travel Association, (Dept. A-4), 372 Bay Street, Toronto, or (Dept. A-4), 331 Dominion Square Building, Montreal.

COME TO BRITAIN IN 1952



*Continued from page 36*  
owski's wife had been waiting for. One day a friend of hers phoned to tell the police that she had booked rail tickets for Banff. They trailed her to the Union Station. She ducked into the Royal York Hotel just opposite, beat the detectives shadowing her into an elevator, and was not seen again in Canada.

The detectives ran over to the station just as the westbound train was pulling out. They weren't able to discover whether she was on it or not. The Banff police were asked to look out for her, but whether she got on the train, whether she descended at an intermediary station on the three-day trip to Banff, or whether she took another conveyance out of Toronto is not known to this day.

Payne kept circulating in the expanding pyramid club of Buckowski's known acquaintances. One of them told him that Mrs. Buckowski had friends in Cleveland who might have important information. Nimmo and Payne flew to Cleveland and talked with these friends, who believed that the missing couple were in Louisiana. The police of New Orleans were asked to look out for them.

The New Orleans police signaled back that they had already had contact with a man who fitted Buckowski's description. A few days before a patrolman had caught him trying to rob a service station. The officer had tripped over a stack of tires and the robber escaped.

The breaks were running for Stanley Buckowski and against Trigger Payne, and they continued to run that way. On Feb. 1, 1950, Mrs. Helen Edmunds, an eighty-two-year-old Los Angeles invalid, was shot and killed by an intruder whom she surprised in the act of burgling her home. The murderer left one clue—a palm print on a door panel.

On May 21, Stanley Buckowski was arrested, under the alias of Frank Miller, in Los Angeles at the scene of a drugstore robbery. He had fallen through a skylight while attempting to escape across a roof top and was taken, suffering from concussion, to the prison ward of the Los Angeles General Hospital. Either through a delay at Los Angeles or through a delay in channeling information through the FBI, it was more than a month before the prisoner's dossier was checked against the dossier long since circulated from Toronto on the man wanted for the killing of Alfred Layng. Before the Toronto police knew he had been captured he had already escaped from his hospital cell by lowering himself on his knotted bed sheets.

#### He Collapsed on his Fifth Pistol

Fortunately, Buckowski's run of luck had been so staggeringly good that he couldn't bring himself to believe it would ever run out. In the next six weeks he acquired an arsenal of small arms. Half a dozen holdups later, on Aug. 1, 1950, he roared down Sunset Boulevard in a stolen car, with officers S. A. Wilson and E. W. Hathaway of the Los Angeles traffic enforcement division half a block behind.

One police bullet passed through the rear window of Buckowski's car and grazed his head. This momentarily stunned him. His car crashed into a street light at the junction of Sunset and Vermont. Buckowski leaped from the car and ran while the police car was skidding to a stop. He fled between houses with the police in pursuit and an exchange of shots followed. Finally Buckowski was cornered in some bushes in nearby Barnsdall Park. He refused to give up. He was carrying no fewer



MACLEAN'S

than five pistols and discarded each of these as he emptied the chambers in the direction of the police. His shooting was unsteady and he hit no one. He himself was hit in the head, arm, hands and leg. When he was on his last pistol he collapsed and was dragged away unconscious.

This time the communications between Toronto and Los Angeles worked more smoothly. The FBI wired Toronto promptly that Buckowski was back in custody and Inspector Nimmo flew to California to begin extradition proceedings.

Just before he left, a relative of Buckowski's in Barrie, Ont., informed the Provincial Police that on the day after the crime Buckowski had told him he'd killed Alfred Layng.

When Nimmo appeared at his bedside Buckowski appeared startled. "You see we know you did it," said Nimmo, after mentioning the relative's information. "We have the proof. Why not admit it and get it off your chest?"

Buckowski scowled. "Get out of here," he said. "I'm a sick man. I must have had amnesia."

For the time being this was as far as Nimmo could get. Nimmo asked the Los Angeles police for a palm print of Buckowski to compare with the print found on the dashboard of the car abandoned at Wasaga thirteen months earlier, the night of Layng's death.

The prints did not coincide. But the Los Angeles police got an idea from Nimmo's request. Previously they had taken only Buckowski's fingerprints. Until now they had no reason to suspect him of murdering old Mrs. Edmunds. But they compared the palm print they had prepared for Nimmo with the print found on Mrs. Edmunds' glass door panel. The two matched. He was charged with the murder of Mrs. Edmunds and the Los Angeles police were no longer willing to allow his extradition to Canada on the earlier murder charges.

On Dec. 4, 1950, Stanley Buckowski,  
*Continued on page 40*

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## THOUGHTS HAVE WINGS

### You Can Influence Others With Your Thinking!

TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple—yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depend upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view—to be receptive to your proposals?

#### Demonstrable Facts

How many times have you wished there were some way you could impress another favorably—*get across to him or her your ideas?* That thoughts can be transmitted, received, and understood by others is now scientifically demonstrable. The tales of miraculous accomplishments of mind by the ancients are now known to be fact—not fable. The method whereby these things can be intentionally, not accidentally, accomplished has been a secret long cherished by the Rosicrucians—one of the schools of ancient wisdom existing throughout the world. To thousands everywhere, for centuries, the Rosicrucians have pri-

vately taught this nearly-lost art of the practical use of mind power.

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210 Dundas Street West

TORONTO 2, Canada

*Continued from page 38*

alias Frank Buckowski, alias Frank Miller, was sentenced to die in the gas chamber at San Quentin. His execution, originally scheduled for last Nov. 16, was postponed pending appeal.

Meanwhile Jean Ann Buckowski, his wife, was tried and found not guilty of acting as lookout during the Edmunds killing. However, between the time of the killing and Buckowski's apprehension, she was convicted and served time for forging and cashing cheques that Buckowski had picked up in a burglary.

Last October, while sitting in his death cell, Buckowski made a full confession of his Toronto crimes when Sgt. Payne and Inspector Wilfred Franks, of the Ontario Provincial Police, visited him there. White-faced and subdued he related in a dispirited voice all that had happened from the moment he fled up the lane away from Loblaws.

After throwing off his pursuers he hitchhiked to Barrie, fifty miles north of Toronto. On Monday morning he saw the *Globe and Mail* cartoonist's drawing of him and got into a panic. It seemed such a good likeness that he was convinced—prematurely—that the police had identified him as the killer.

On Monday night he set off to hitchhike back to Toronto in the hope of finding better hiding in the big city. He started walking down the highway and a few miles out of Barrie came across a parked car. In it Gloria McKay was sleeping, with her head on her husband's shoulder. Buckowski climbed into the back seat, stuck his pistol in McKay's back and ordered him to start driving.

#### "I Shot Them Both"

"I held the gun to his back all the way to Toronto," he told Payne. "When we got to Yonge and Eglinton (a main intersection in northern Toronto) I told him to turn right along Eglinton. He stepped on the gas and speeded up. He went through several red lights. I told him to pull over to the curb and stop the car. But he said, 'Go ahead and shoot, and then we'll all be killed, you punk!' When he said that the girl started to scream. I lost my head and started to shoot. I reached over his head and grabbed the steering wheel. His foot came off the gas and I steered the car to a stop in the middle of the street. The girl kept screaming so I shot her too. I shot them both."

Barring developments impossible to foresee, Buckowski's last conversation with A. J. Payne closed the books on the Perfect Chase. One of the principals is still sitting in his California death cell. The other is back in his office on College Street in Toronto awaiting the next big job, by no means certain how it will begin or where it will end, but as sure as any good policeman must always be that it won't be quite as tough as the high hard ones Conan Doyle used to throw at Sherlock Holmes, or as dramatic as the one they're showing at the corner movie or as crisp and smooth as the ones that come out of the radio every night at nine. ★

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Huge ostrich plume flowers  
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Gorgeous mixture. Pkt. 25c;

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New Hybrid Tomatoes  
True, first generation hy-  
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MACLEAN'S

## HIDE-AND-SEEK No. 8

Movie stardom seems to run in some families but often the individuals concerned will take different names to avoid confusion on billboards and the accusation of trying to "cash in" on a relative's renown. In these ten pictures are five sets of Hollywood relatives. Can you match them up?

Answers on Next Page



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10

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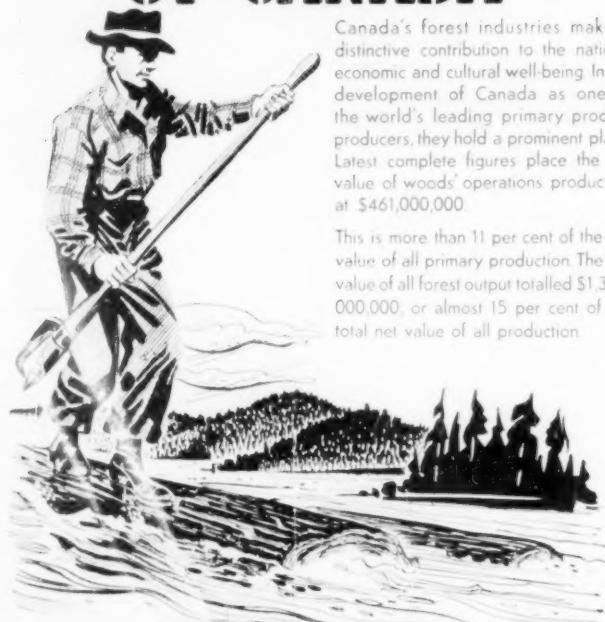
Thousands rely on Absorbine Jr. for the quick, comforting relief it brings from rheumatic and neuralgic pain, from sore, aching muscles. Only \$1.25 a long-lasting bottle at all drug counters. Get Absorbine Jr. today.

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### ABSORBINE JR.

## TRADE-MARKS OF CANADA



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## "The Lord Will Take Care Of Us"

Continued from page 15

his finger under the neckband. "I wear them as short as I dare."

We chatted a while then he told me, "I left the colony once as some fellows do when they're young and unquiet and want to know what it's like to be out in the world." He restlessly picked up a pebble and flicked it at a passing goose. "I found out," he said, and his tone was bitter. "I got around. I dressed in suits with padded shoulders. I talked to a lot of guys. And women," he added with a snort while the woman beside him complacently husked a sunflower seed and put it into her mouth.

"I came back," the man said with his sardonic smile and a nod at his wife, "I came back to her." He picked up their tiny daughter, sat her on his knee and kissed the back of her neck under the frill of her bonnet. "Colony women are true," he said softly, "ain't they, my *Froschlein*?"

"I never was tempted yet to go away," the other young father told me. "If we leave the colony we get nothing but the clothes we walk out in and when I figure how it would be if I had to look for a job and maybe not get one, I'm scared already." He shook his head. "So far I got only three kits, but if I was in the world and had more money I'd make would have to stretch thinner and thinner for all: on the colony each kit gets what it needs no matter how many we have."

"We don't take bonus or pension from the country," one of the wives said with a touch of pride. "We live here with our own people that believe the same as we do and when we are old or sick they'll take care of us. We never have nothing to worry over."

"If we want a doctor or to go to the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota we have just to ask and they give us the money," said the handsome man.

"But there's a bonesetter of our own people that knows more than some of the doctors in town," his wife said.

The other woman brought choke-cherry wine from the house. "We drink to your friendship," she said, and drained a glass of its mildness.

"The Boss gives us a gallon a month," the fair man said. "We get everything by allotment: every year a new hat and a pair of shoes, every five years a sheepskin coat. Every man over fourteen is given a dollar a month to spend—within our rules."

"What about the women?" I asked.

"They don't get any money but when a girl is fourteen she is given a chest for her clothes, a rolling pin and a spinning wheel. When she's married she gets a sleep bench, a sewing machine, a wall clock, table and chairs and the big books of Hutterite history."

"Come in our house once and see," the woman invited.

Their "house" in the long low gabled building that held eight families was one room eighteen feet square. The hardwood floor shone like a table top. The furniture around the gleaming white walls was the color of wheat, doweled and dovetailed without the use of a nail; flowers were painted on the big feather bed and the chests. The counterpane and wall mottoes were embroidered in colorful cross-stitch.

The man demonstrated the sleep bench: like a chest with arms and back, the lid lifted up and the front pulled out making room inside for the children to sleep on plaid-covered feather-filled bedding. The wife showed me a chest full of lengths of cloth: black satin brocade for Sunday, gabardine for her man's suits, figured flannelette for

underwear and little girls' dresses, bright prints for pillow slips, curtains and bonnets, soft silk for neckerchiefs, dark sprigged goods for her vests, skirts and jackets.

"The styles haven't changed in four hundred years," the man said. "If a woman's not hard on her clothes she can have an awful great many."

A colony spends about fifty thousand dollars a year (less than three hundred dollars per person) on things that are needed: nothing is spent on luxuries, they stimulate envy and greed. Smoking is sinful. One telephone serves the colony. Hutterites are not allowed to wear cosmetics or jewelry, not even wedding rings. They are not allowed to have cameras or pleasure cars to take their mind from the Lord. They are not allowed to have musical instruments.

"Our music must come from our hearts," I was told when the young people gathered in the evening at the tiny house provided for the provincial public-school teacher. "You do your own singing, not like in the world where everyone listens to somebody else on the radio," said Nadene Forstyth, the wise and captivating young teacher who came from "outside."

"I'm overfilled with happiness when I can listen to a radio," a young man said. "Last year the teacher had one and I came here every chance I got to learn old-time songs."

### "Sing Us a Love Song"

"I hat once a phonograph, just a little box it was with Golden Slippers and Beautiful Brown Eyes and all dem nize records," a raffish man told us. "I played it to myself in my room and one time I took it out in the fields and played it for a couple of girls but my mother told the preacher on me and he made me sell it."

"Did he punish you?" Nadene asked.

"Yo, but he never punishes us bad; he just tells everybody in church what all sins we done and that shames us so we don't try it again for maybe a week anyways."

"It lasts longer than that," a sixteen-year-old said ruefully, and everyone laughed.

"He got caught sneaking out," they explained. "None of us are supposed to leave the colony without the preacher says so."

All talk and laughter were directed toward the teacher; everyone faced her with a smile of affection.

"Sing us a love song, Nadene," they begged.

"Teach it to us."

"Play us your saxaphone, Nadene."

"The old folks don't like it," she said.

"They can't hear it this far from their houses."

"I wish I could play dat ting," said a youngster.

"TH-THing," corrected the teacher.

"I don't like being teached."

The boy's blue eyes were teasing.

"You know you love going to school," Nadene's voice was cajoling.

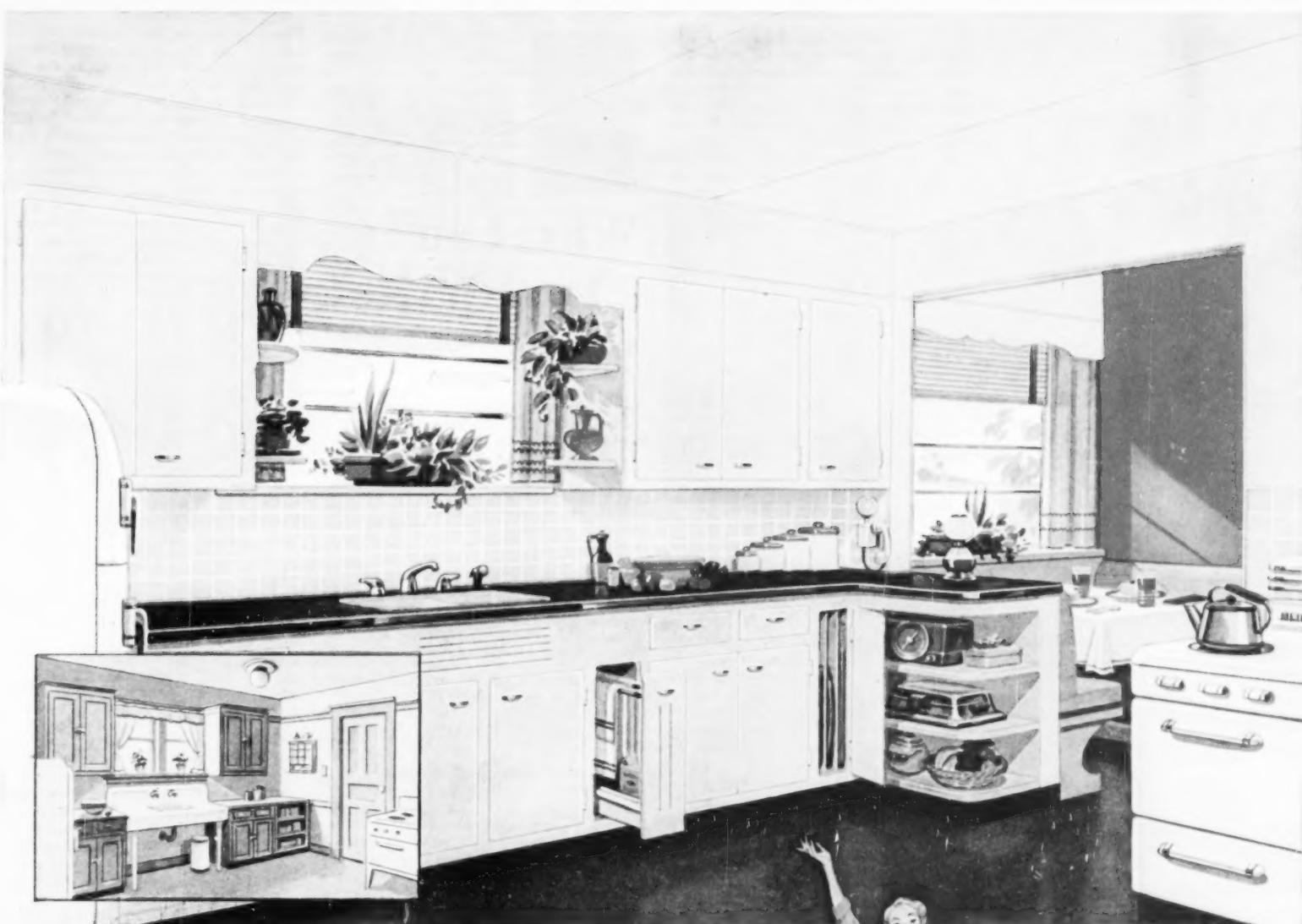
"I like English school but not German school," the boy said. "The

Continued on page 44

Answers to  
**MACLEAN'S HIDE-AND-SEEK**

(see page 41)

1 and 6, George Sanders and Tom Conway (brothers); 3 and 8, Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine (sisters); 5 and 10, Lon Chaney Sr. and Lon Chaney Jr. (father and son); 7 and 2, Jack Holt and Tim Holt (father and son); 9 and 4, Wallace Beery and Noah Beery Jr. (uncle and nephew).



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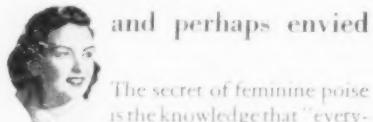
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whose poise you have admired



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Continued from page 42

German teacher makes us learn two sides of the book for homework at nide and the next day we got to say it ride off and if we don't he gifts us a panging on our behind with the willow, and that really hurts too, only I always learn mine so I don't get it very ofden."

To learn Hutterite hymns, catechism and history, printed only in German, the children go to German school in a room of the kindergarten building from seven to nine and three-thirty to five every day; the time between is spent in regulation studies with the pretty public-school teacher.

"I'd love to go back to your school, Nadene," said a young man with a lively brown face. "I'd like even to go to college already only they don't care much for education around here." He shrugged his broad shoulders and smiled happily. "We learn from experience: when we're fourteen we're through school and we go out in the pasture and pick ourself a team of colts to break, that makes us a man real quick."

At nine o'clock the girls in the group, who had sat shyly quiet all evening, said it was time to go home to bed.

### One Saucepan to Four Eaters

I slept on a cot in the bedroom of two young women in one of the three rooms they shared with their aged parents and brother Dave who had a gentle face. Katie was little and dark and "She don't talk much but she thinks deep," I was told. Annie was older and jolly, "She went to Vulcan Colony yesterday to look for a boss band," Dave teased.

"And did she find one?" I asked. "No," Annie laughed, "I'm too fat; these days they want them thin as a string bean."

When the rising bell rang at six-thirty the Biblical bearded father sang verse after verse of a German hymn in a voice that was strong and true.

"We like always to start the day singing," Dave told me when I went into the room where the old people sat, the father with a copy of Ben-Hur on the table before him, the mother at the window quietly enduring the rheumatism that crippled her.

The bell called the adults to the dining hall for a breakfast of prunes, cheese, smoked ham, jam, bread and coffee. The children ate together when the grownups had finished.

At seven-thirty the bell was rung again by one of the women in the kitchen and the two-to-six year olds ran to the kindergarten where one of the older women supervised their play for the day.

Other women patted dough into sheets thin as golden leaves. They laid them over the benches till each had done two or three then, over their arms, they carried them home and spread them over the counterpanes to dry before taking them back to the hall to be sliced into noodles.

The bell at ten-thirty meant that lunch was ready to be served to the little ones in the kindergarten. "Dat bell on de roof is a handy ting for keeping our women busy," a bearded patriarch told me.

The noon bell summoned us to dinner; the men sat on one side of the hall, the women on the other. On the shining uncovered tables were slices of crusty feather-light bread, pieces of celery, peeled beets and individual graniteware plates. For every four people there were saucepans of boiled mutton and potatoes cooked in deep fat. Fingers were used more than forks and gravy was souped up from the common dishes with bread.

The bell didn't ring again till four



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o'clock when all the women walked sedately to the kitchen with their paring knives to peel potatoes for the next day.

It rang at five-thirty for the church service. As we watched the people going into the schoolhouse Dave told me, "We don't have to but we like to go to church every day to be reminded of how we should live. It keeps us in line. The preacher just came back from the funeral of a cousin in Montana so today he'll be telling how to prepare for death." Dave put his hand on his heart. "I haven't the words to express our belief in English," he said, "but I can feel it right here. I guess you'd say it was just trying to live the colony way without anger or envy and loving one another— even those that condemn us for our peculiar ways."

The prayer meeting was over in half an hour, the men filed out of church, then the women, going straight to their supper of stewed duck giblets and necks, cabbage cooked to a mush with sugar, onions, buns, little balls of butter and oval dishes of corn syrup. Everyone was enthusiastic about the duck though Joe Wurtz Jr. said it tasted like stinkweed. "But that's how I like it," he said.

Every evening I was invited to several homes in the colony. Though all had the same kind of furniture and were flawlessly clean and tidy, they had individuality: some had linoleum on the floor, some homemade mats, others had plants on the window sills, some had sheepskins on the benches.

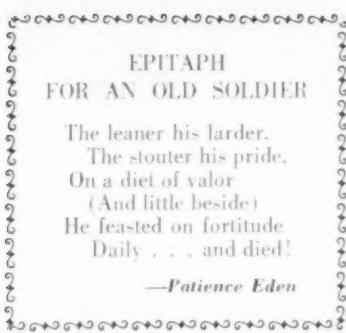
### German In the Lamplight

Wherever I visited the men did most of the talking; when they spoke of movies they had seen and other forbidden things they had done that made them seem men of the world, the women smiled quietly to themselves. Always wearing their kerchiefs the mothers sat with their hands calmly clasped in their laps and listened with lively interest. They didn't wonder what their children were doing away from home, they had them always around them: the little ones knelt on the floor to pray and then were tucked into the sleep bench; round the lamp boys and girls studied their German lessons; the young men who had worked in the fields all day were shaved and dressed up, sometimes they called on the teacher or they walked with their girls in the lane beyond the caragana hedge; they came home early to sleep or sit on the benches around the room for conversation and singing.

The youngest son of Mike Wurtz, the carpenter, had taken his first steps on the day I called there. "You'd think by the time the sixth kid came along we'd be used to it, but it seems more wonderful to us than ever that our baby can walk," Mike said.

His wife took the child to her breast when he tired of his new-found prowess; Mike brought me an orange drink and a dish of sunflower seeds; his two little daughters, Dorothy and Magdalina, stared at me shyly then sat in turn on my knee; Benny brought me a toy to admire; Elizabeth, eleven, showed me the thread counted cross stitch sampler she was copying from one her mother had made when she was a little girl; Martha used the spinning wheel her father had made.

"Would you like us to sing for you?" Mike asked and he and his wife with their children playing around them sang *Among My Souvenirs* and a song about a girl named Tessie who left home and had a hard time. When they stopped we heard the preacher and his wife singing a hymn on the other side of the wall.



EPITAPH  
FOR AN OLD SOLDIER

The leaner his larder,  
The stouter his pride,  
On a diet of valor  
(And little beside)  
He feasted on fortitude  
Daily . . . and died!

—Patience Eden

As I walked through the colony to the next place where I was expected I heard singing in every house I passed.

A group of friends had gathered at the German schoolteacher's and they asked me many questions.

"Is your hossband nice-looking?"

"Hass he got a blue suit?"

"What for do you need a whole house building for yourselves?" They shook their heads in amazement.

"She has to have a kitchen and a room to eat," one told another.

"See we got none of the bother," said Susie who sat at the foot of the bed. "Only for one week in sixteen it is our turn to help with the cooking."

"We got five parties of eight to do the dishes," Annie told me.

"It's nice doing all things together, we never get lonesome," said Rachel.

The men were interested in airplane rides and ships; they asked me about whales and different kinds of fish.

"Have you ever seen mermaids?" the German teacher wondered.

"There ain't such things," Jake said.

"I don't believe in dem neither," said the teacher's wife, "they're just in stories for kits."

"Oh yes," said the teacher, "there's mermaids," and his large round eyes were solemn. "Christian Dornn seen one when he crossed over the ocean from Russia; he said it sang real nice."

All my evenings on the colony ended at the home of Jake Wurtz, the shepherd. The chests and benches around the room were always crowded with eager young people: the shepherd's almost grown-up family of six; Ike, Jake and Smitty Wurtz, the preacher's sons; John Waldner, Dave Wurtz, and the sons of the Boss, John and Joe Wipf, who had just come back to the colony from an unhappy sojourn in the world.

One evening we toasted marshmallows on the round stove that warmed the room. On another Joe showed me his water colors and wood carvings, the seed plaques he'd made; he gave me a handkerchief he'd painted and a pair of peach stones carved into baskets to keep my kerchief in place; he showed me his choicest possessions—a little ebony elephant and the plants he loved to raise. His mother demonstrated an ironing device that was used in olden times. Dan played his harmonica. Annie showed me her winter outfit, a plaid serge skirt and jacket.

"Our women don't have coats," Joe told me.

"They don't wear a lot of petticoats either," another brother said.

Conversation was always enlivened with laughter or devoted to my instruction.

"We can't be baptized or married till we're ready to settle down and obey our Hutterite laws," I was told.

"Us boys are nearly twenty-five and we aren't baptized yet," Jake said, "but Annie is and she's only twenty-one."

"It's easier for the women, they never want to go to town and none of them ever left the colony yet," said John Wipf.

"They don't know no different, so they are always contented here," said Joe. "I am too," he added quickly, "but in winter there's not enough to do—we can just sit here and look out the window at the geese."

"We can read our Bible and our history books. There's some grand stories in there about our martyrs," Dave said.

"Yo, but you get sick of them."

"I like James Oliver Curwood," someone said.

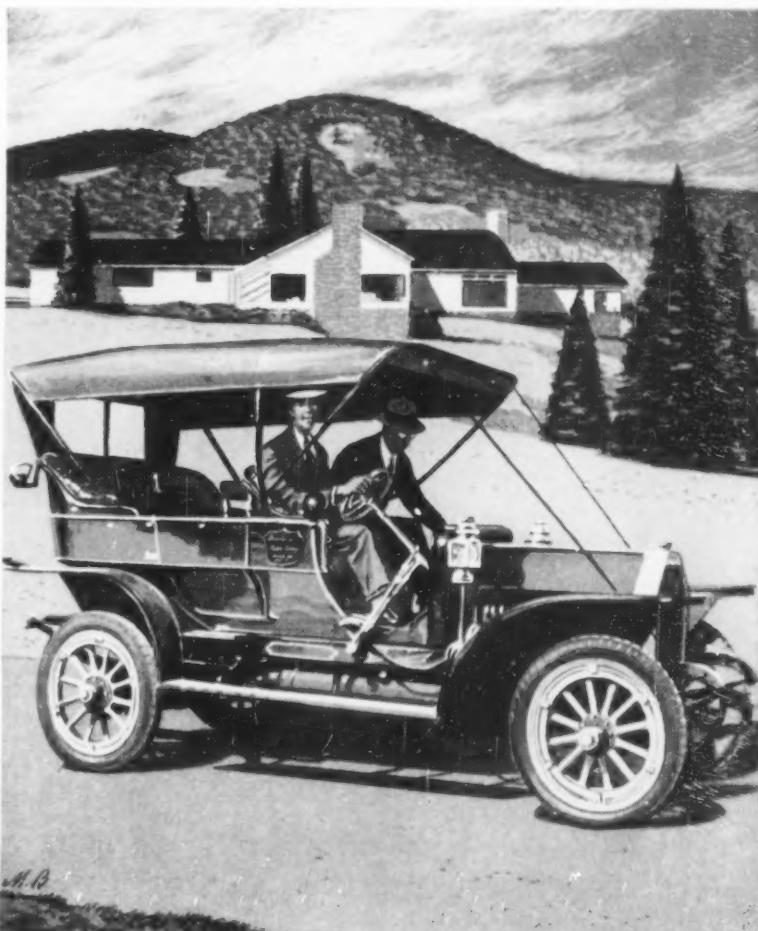
"I like things that are true," said Dave. "I like awful well to read about our country; I think it is the grandest country in the world."

"It soon won't be our country if the Alberta Government don't let us have more land."

And again I would be told what I had heard many times since I'd come to the colony: the great threat to the communal system that has so far given the Hutterites mental health and contentment.

The Old Elm, like most of the other Alberta colonies, is badly in need of expansion: the dining room is crowded, the schools are too small, there are no more rooms for newlyweds and growing

## Can you identify this car?

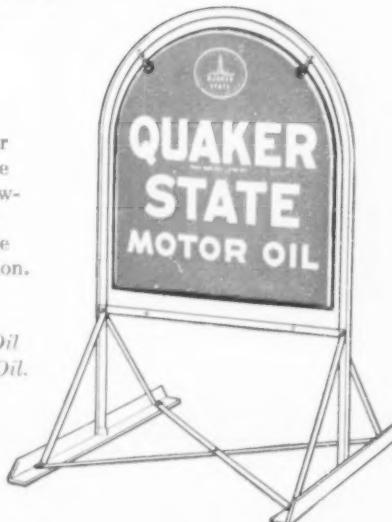


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families, there are too many men to be kept busy with the work of the farm, too many people to be supported by its produce (30 Hutterites compared with 3,85 other Alberta farmers on a similar space). Normally, nearby land would be bought, new buildings put up, stock, equipment and money of the old colony would be divided, and by lot it would be decided which families should move to the new site.

"But Alberta wants to be rid of us; they won't let us buy more land and we don't think that's fair," the preacher's son spoke with passion. "We pay our taxes, we don't get in trouble, we never go in courts, or mental hospitals or to jail, we don't do no one any harm, we believe in letting other people live their own way the best that they can and we got to live the colony way or we're lost to the Lord."

"We got it preached to us that we are supposed to love our enemies and not get mad about what they do to us," Dave said quietly.

"It's hard to be friendly with people that show they despise us whenever we go into town," Ike said.

"They don't like us because we don't buy much from the fancy stores or give money for tobacco," said John Waldner.

"They were awful nasty to us during the war because our boys wouldn't fight and I guess we can't blame them but it is against our Hutterite religion and we can't help it," Ike said. "We done what we could, we went to work camps, our women done the men's work on the farm to grow food, we sent clothes to England and gave money for the Red Cross; now they say the veterans should have first choice of the land and we think that's only right but the veterans aren't buying and they still won't let us."

"They want to chase us out to the wild woolies where there's nothing but coyotes and gopher holes," John said.

"They know we're good farmers and they want us to have poor land and make it good like we did here but they won't let us have enough to support a colony, only six sections and we need nine," Joe said. "We looked for land already in Saskatchewan and Mexico and Oregon and Montana but we don't want to leave Alberta. Most of us were born here and we love it on the prairies."

"We had before this to leave land that we loved," Dave said. "Our

*Give + Generously*

the great feature upon it semiarie

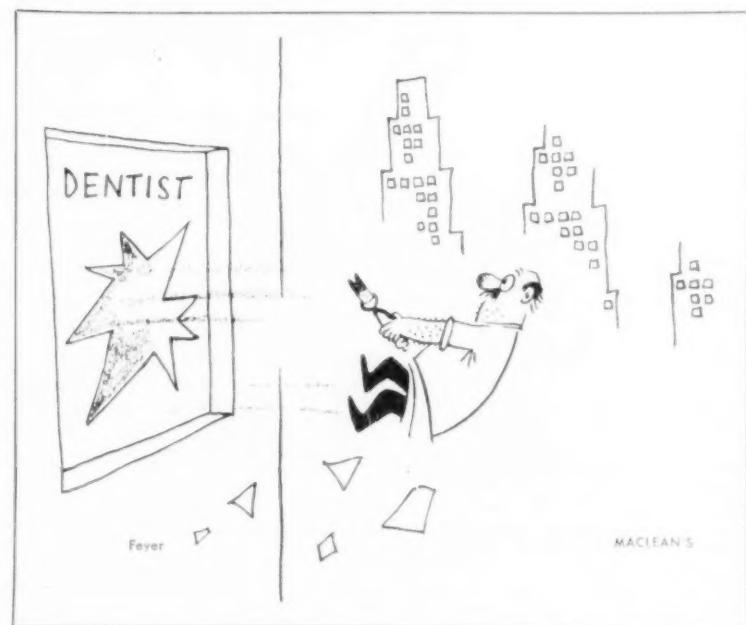
My who hea He did little h shot a it over in his savoried while b row's e Later Qu'App violets not far blooms the no curves prairie south winds, poplar willow

"And that's for sure," said John.

On the day I left the colony Ike Wurtz drove me to town with a team of horses that shied every time a car speeded toward us on the highway. It took two and a half hours to drive the eleven miles to Magrath. Its main street was lined with cars, trucks and shop windows, its sidewalks were thronged with people: cowboys and schoolgirls bought tickets to go into the show; Indians smoked cigarettes around the door of the pool hall; children licked ice-cream cones in front of the drugstore; somewhere a juke box was blaring; women carrying parcels rushed in and out of the stores.

The good-looking Hutterite boy who walked with dignity and confidence on his colony seemed to shrivel and slink along the busy street. The collarless homemade black suit that Ike wore to church with an air made him ill at ease and conspicuous. He heard people titter. He found it hard to smile and ignore their taunts as he had been taught to do; they made him feel ashamed and guilty of he knew not what.

As soon as he could Ike finished his business in town, said good-by to me and turned Doll and Old Curly back toward the colony where he laughs as he helps the carpenter build a new chicken barn, is proud as he watches the erect measured gait of the colony's women, the waddle of the fattening geese, the combines that cut through the grain of the colony's acres. And when the lamps are lit in the evening and his folks gather for conversation and singing he settles on a bench in the corner and enjoys the peace of his homely retreat from the world. ★



## The Valley That Calls

Continued from page 19

the greatest and most unexpected feature of the valley is still to come upon it after driving across the flat semiarid prairies.

My father, only one of many men who heard the call, first saw it in 1904. He didn't journey right down to the little hotel at The Fort. Instead he shot a rabbit for his supper, cooked it over a willow fire and then, rolled in his blanket on the resilient grass, savored the width of star-glittering sky while he prepared himself for tomorrow's experience of crossing the valley. Later he drove his oxen across the Qu'Appelle flooded bridge and picked violets that rivaled the Parma variety not far from where he admired cactus blooms a few weeks later. Ahead, to the north, the hills climbed in lovely curves, bare except for the tough prairie grasses. Behind him, to the south and out of the angle of bitter winds, the valley walls grew thick with poplar, maple, jack pine, elm and willow.

"Come to the lakes," sang Pauline Johnson, "and I shall be first to hear the welcome music of thy paddle dip."

Eyebrow Lake is farthest upstream, a mere eyebrow on the dry-skinned face of the prairie. Buffalo Lake lies below it, eighteen miles north of Moose Jaw. In 1937, when the west's worst drought ravaged the prairies, this lake dried up. A dam built under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act at the lower end in 1939, as part of a stock-watering, irrigation and flood control scheme, has kept water in the Buffalo Lake ever since, to the encouragement of promoters of the new Sun Valley resort hoping to attract summer cottagers.

### Dreams of a New Capital

The Fishing Lakes are cherished by townspeople, summer cottagers, hunters and the natives whose reserves front them so long as the sun shines, the grasses grow and the waters run. Downstream approximately sixty and one hundred miles Crooked and Round Lakes provide recreation centres for Saskatchewan's eastern townships and fishing for tourists from as far away as Montana and the Dakotas. All are typical prairie waterways: flooded in spring; in late summer often so low that the stink of decaying algae at their

lower ends drives cottagers home long before school starts. Between the lakes vast acreages produce farm crops and enormous quantities of hay.

The natural hay was feeding herds of buffalo when La Vérendrye and his sons first heard of the Calling River. Soon its banks provided a site for one of the more important *forts des prairies* of the fur trade, the North West Company's Fort Esperance, near today's Lazare station. Later the river led to the Hudson's Bay Company's post.

There was a time when Fort Qu'Appelle thought of itself as a future great city, likely to become capital of the Northwest Territories. After nearly a hundred years it has a population of a thousand and a telephone service so casual that if you want to phone across town to Fort San or the Qu'Appelle Valley Centre after-hours you can do so only by long-distancing Regina fifty miles away. But the valley has enough tradition to be leisurely. Many younger sons and daughters of distinguished English and Scottish families, looking for a pleasant location to transplant their mores and customs, found the valley to their liking. Some of them even introduced fox hunting and polo.

"We thought nothing of riding forty miles on horseback in our evening clothes to a dance," recalls Captain Harrison of Stockwell farm. "Sometimes we'd dance all night and get on with the plowing next morning without stopping to change."

If they had stamina, these people, they also had poise. For example, there was Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark, a cultured Englishwoman who started the Union Jack farm to teach young English girls how to farm in Canada, and who wrote two Edwardian family album books on the west. At a reception for Governor-General Earl Grey at the McDonald House Miss Binnie-Clark was chatting with His Excellency in the centre of the room when her petticoat dropped about her ankles. Everyone gasped. What would the handsome woman in the handsome London-made evening gown do? The woman who mucked her own stables went on talking for a moment, excused herself, stepped back a pace and, bending down, picked up the petticoat and draped it over her arm as though it were a court train—and went on chatting.

About the same time a Scot named James Henderson visited The Fort, sensed the valley's unique qualities



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and decided to spend the rest of his life putting them on canvas. Between his arrival in 1910 and his death last year he devoted his time to painting its moods and its Indians. Year after year canvases went from his studio to private collections and great galleries in New York, Washington and Ottawa. In Toronto Lady Eaton has some of Henderson's finest heads.

Nine Indian reserves front on the lakes and rivers of Qu'Appelle. Partly because of the valley's general appeal, numerous white men have devoted long working hours to Indian welfare. The war drums were echoing down the coulees when Father Joseph Hugonard, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, adjusted his outlook from that of Grenoble, France, to that of Qu'Appelle, Northwest Territories, and began to learn the Cree language. One of his first accomplishments was to persuade the natives that war with the whites would gain them little, a feat which required tackling powerful Chief Star Blanket and rolling him in the dust. When the rebellion quietened, Father Hugonard set about building the log school which was the forerunner of the big brick building at Lebret which today houses nearly three hundred pupils and provides schooling from grades 1 to 12. Though Father Hugonard long ago was laid to rest in the churchyard beside Lebret Lake (locally they call it Mission Lake) descendants of early red and white men who fought for sanctuary along the valley profit by his school. Among them is dark-eyed dusky Gracie Yuzicapi, who would be a serious contender for Miss Canada honors if her careful convent upbringing permitted such notoriety. Gracie's ancestor was Standing Buffalo who brought to Canadian soil the remnants of Sitting Bull's band after the defeat of General George Custer.

#### Babies Sometimes Can't Count

Fort Qu'Appelle was the logical setting for the Indian Hospital, built in 1936 with a capacity for fifty beds, often overflowing to accommodate as many as eighty when Indian women slip up on their arithmetic and arrive early to have their babies. "But we never send any of them away," says medical superintendent Dr. A. B. Simes, knowing well the rough trails most must travel, the hard work waiting for them at home.

When Dr. M. M. Seymour and Dr. R. G. Ferguson looked about for a suitable site for Saskatchewan's first TB sanitarium they thought of the Qu'Appelle Valley. Now the buildings nestle in a sunny fold of a coulee north of Echo Lake.

If any group of people hear only an empty echo in the Qu'Appelle Valley that group is the métis. Much of the discontent seething at the time of the Northwest Rebellion of 1885 resulted from métis' inability to obtain title to land on which they were already living. Even when scrip for land was finally issued many were more the children of their Indian mothers than of their white fathers and easy prey to sharp speculators. A partial solution to the métis problem has been the métis farm started by Father Hugonard and then Reeve Maurice Bushell. The Saskatchewan Government provided five thousand dollars for buildings and Father Hugonard went to such lengths to find the right young farmers and their wives that he became notorious as a matchmaker. But more opportunity for the métis to become self-supporting is still needed along the Qu'Appelle Valley.

A leading métis, Joseph Z. Larocque, of Lebret, has long been a champion of their cause. The Larocques have

held land in the valley as long as anyone. Joe Larocque's father, Antoine, suspected of disloyalty during the rebellion, was jailed at Regina. Later acquitted he was persuaded to sue the government for false arrest, a step that cost so much he lost his land. The son recalls the dark days when mamma kept the large family going with pemmican made from fish caught in the lakes and by her skill in concocting herb remedies. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who visited the valley in 1895, had the land restored when he came to power.

#### Money for an Empty Head

Joe sold his own scrip for two thousand dollars and attended St. Boniface College, acting on his father's advice to "put your money in your empty head where you can't lose it." His life has been devoted to farming the land now worked by his son and an almost fanatical devotion to métis welfare and folklore. At seventy he does some field work for the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation people, lives in the Lebret house once owned by "last buffalo hunter" Norbert Welsh, where the two-hundred-year-old métis *jour de l'an* ceremony is still observed.

The New Year's festival starts with church services, continues with dancing till the sun comes up over the hills, à *monté les côtes*. Everyone present



is a descendant of the fur traders, buffalo hunters, settlers or Royal North West Mounted Police. The Scot's traditional love of haggis has nothing on the métis' liking for pemmican, served to the lilt of the Red River jig, the aroma of kinnikinnick made from red willow bark and (today) cut Macdonald plug tobacco.

Like the Larocques many citizens of the valley first saw it from their father's or a proud grandmother's arms. At Lumsden, far upstream on the Qu'Appelle River, there are several families like the Balfours, who came from Forest, Ont., seeking good land, plenty of water and pleasant country. William Balfour's descendants still live in Lumsden where one grandson runs the general store, another the Weekly. During the past summer the Lumsden Weekly proudly recorded the opening of the town's first tourist cabins, along with the province's first potato-storage plant with a capacity of thirty-five thousand bushels. The Balfours, like other townspeople, are talking optimistically about canning and pickling factories for the tomatoes, peas, cucumbers and celery grown under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation project to restore the valley's natural water level.

Downstream on the Qu'Appelle River is the old Gillespie place, settled in the 1880s by Donald Gillespie, of Cromarty, Ont. During the first few years at Ellisboro P.O. the Gillespies lived in a log shack, like their contemporaries. The shack was replaced by the handsome stone house which today dominates a section of the valley where mortgages are unknown, where every house and barn is painted. That is the section where one of old Gillespie's grandsons did so well he decided to retire at 35. A nephew, Murray Gillespie, heads the PFRA's valley activities.

Murray Gillespie is one man who knows the valley from the ridge which separates it from the South Saskatchewan to the wide wooded valley where it joins the tawny Assiniboine. Under the Qu'Appelle Valley drainage basin project, covering roughly an area of twenty-two thousand square miles, the entire valley has been surveyed, dams have been constructed at Buffalo Pound Lake, Craven, Fairy Hill, and Echo, Lebret, Crooked and Round Lakes as well as on some tributaries; together the various dams provide storage capacity of more than one hundred thousand acre-feet.

#### A Wonderful Place to Live

Men like Gillespie watch the levels of this carefully balanced water supply with the eyes of a prairie hawk. Late March finds them tramping the valley's entire length of treacherous sun-crusted snow checking levels and installations. In later summer they are alerted to too much water at Buffalo Pound Lake which might spoil the valuable hay-fields on the D. C. Nicholle ranch, too little which would result in economic ruin on the truck gardens at Lumsden and Craven. And anything above normal water level causes erosion and loud protests from the important summer resorts on the Fishing and lower lakes; a few inches below normal results in that stench of green algae at the lakes' lower end cottages. Where human problems don't complicate the engineers' work muskrats do—by honeycombing the earth-filled dams with their burrows. On the judicial side, care is exercised to guarantee that none exploit water rights, since water is, in the valley as on the prairies, more valuable than oil.

Heading the PFRA and personally interested in its projects is Agriculture Minister James G. Gardiner, farmer of

nearby Lemberg, and spiritual son of William Motherwell, former agriculture minister, who lived across the valley.

Each year more newcomers are attracted to the valley. A. K. McNeil decided to locate his quarter-million-dollar mink ranch there because "the valley is a wonderful place to live." A year or so ago a retired St. Louis beer executive, E. T. Barnes, came up for duck shooting on Qu'Appelle Lake, which is popular with hunters from Saskatchewan's Supreme Court Judge W. M. Martin to the Duke of Windsor. Barnes was so delighted with the valley

that he bought the old Hudson's Bay Company house and the Hotel Fort and spent one hundred thousand dollars on it.

Summer cottages with names like Linger-Longer have been in existence in Qu'Appelle for forty years. And Saskatchewan's CCF Government recently opened the Qu'Appelle Valley Centre for tourist and convention gatherings, with sleeping accommodation at one dollar a person a night, kitchen facilities, an assembly hall, easy access to Echo Lake's swimming, Fort Qu'Appelle's golf course, curling and skating

rinks and also to its unsurpassed skiing.

Each year native citizens welcome the tourists who converge on the valley: there's good money in the tourist trade, often some mighty nice people to enjoy. But the tourists stay only a few months, fortunately. When they've gone the farms and fisheries, the hills and coulees remain practically unchanged. That is what matters to the Indians who know the valley as Katipwa, the white inhabitants who call it Qu'Appelle, and the more romantic métis who so often say *La Belle Qu'Appelle*. ★



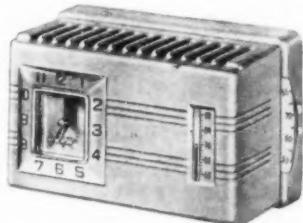
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hors, the artists, the dreamers and the poseurs were drawn by the magnet as well. Then came the 1914 war when thousands of young Canadians went to their death in France, each death meaning that a home, and a family yet unborn—and never to be born—had been lost to their native country.

But today Canada herself is the magnet. The role is changed. If the pound and the Canadian dollar were freely convertible there would be such a rush of men and capital from Great Britain that Canada would leap ahead three years in one. And with this development there is emerging a strengthening Canadianism which is thrilling to see.

### A Night Full of Stars

A strong people, a religious and almost puritanical people, a courageous and tolerant people. France and Britain suckled this northern race; the English gave it the law and its parliamentary institutions, the Scots built railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the French gave it an alternative language and kept many of the qualities which have become dim in France herself. Now the dispossessed wandering victims of Nazi and Communist oppression are bringing their European background to enrich the arteries of Canadian life.

The story of Canada is rich in ruggedness and physical achievement yet in the long vista of time the story of Canada is only beginning. She is blessed among nations. The night was full of stars when she was born.

\* \* \*

On the last day but one at sea I received an invitation to lunch with Churchill. I assumed that his entourage would be a large one and that the luncheon would be more or less like a cabinet meeting, but there were only three of us, the third being his son-in-law Christopher Soames. I have sat with Churchill in the House of Commons for sixteen years and have watched his vicissitudes and triumphs, his great moments and his little moments, but at the end of three hours in his stateroom I only left because it seemed the decent thing to do. Naturally our talk was off the record but I never realized before what a master of language—not prepared, but spontaneous—Churchill can be.

There were times when I laughed until the tears came to my eyes. Then again there would flash a phrase that in five or six words would sum up everything we were trying to say. Yet the strongest impression of all was his generosity and magnanimity. Naturally enough we discussed not only socialist ministers but the enigmatic Stanley Baldwin and other figures of the past. Churchill would be penetrating in his diagnosis and sometimes even devastating, but always he would then put the case for the other point of view and claim some merit or at least ask for some understanding for the men that we were discussing. He is incapable of hatred or bitterness. Perhaps it is this quality which endears him to the Americans. As for his health, which bothered him on his visit, he had apparently made a complete recovery. At any rate he smoked two cigars a foot long!

\* \* \*

THE JOURNEY is over. From the land of snow, from the gleaming towers of New York, from the enchanted islands of sunshine and the calypso, I am back in troubled old England once more.

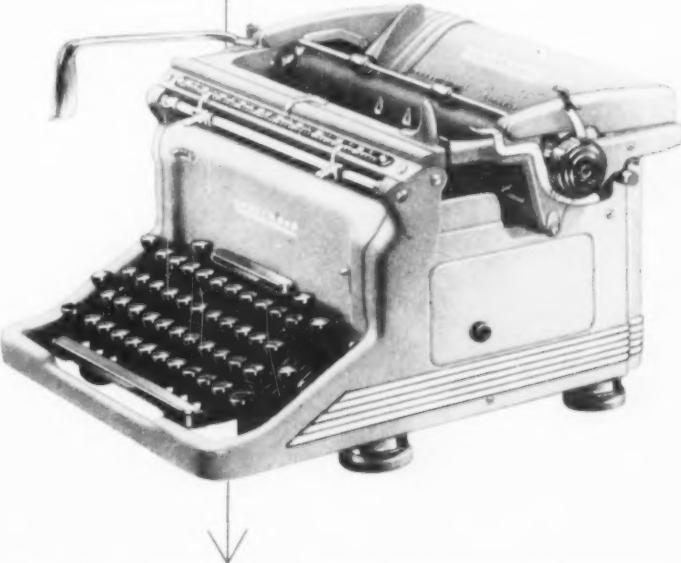
It is raining . . . but it is England! ★



but  
they do agree  
on..

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## Queen of the Movie Queens

Continued from page 21

elephants, linked trunk to tail, was plodding around the tanbark when two mammoths broke out, ran over to Marie and shrilled tender greetings. They were two of Lockhart's artists who had been sold down to Ringling's after his death.

Marie Dressler's stormy passage began in Cobourg, Ont., on Nov. 9,

1869, when she was born to Alexander Koerber, the melancholy organist of nearby St. Peter's Anglican Church, and his Irish-Canadian wife Anne, the daughter of a shipowner in the Maritimes. The baby was baptized Leila Koerber. She adopted an aunt's name for the stage. The father was an Austrian who had served in both the German and British armies. In Canada he became an itinerant church organist and music teacher, moving from town to town. "Never shall I forget those naked clean-swept little Canadian towns," Marie recalled. "Be-

fore I was twelve I must have lived in fifty of them." She was ill-favored and lusty and shot up in tomboy style. At seventeen she ran away with a provincial opera troupe to support the family. She aped and cartwheeled her way up through provincial opera troupes to become a Broadway star in the Nineties.

Along the way Marie virtually lived in the theatre, watching, memorizing and analyzing. The first time she saw an acrobat do a backbend and lift a handkerchief with his teeth she battered the boardinghouse furniture mas-

tering the trick. She learned how to improvise gags, do comedy falls, dance like a prairie cyclone and sing like a Neapolitan crazed on grappa. She got her first notices at twenty-three in New York, when she played in *The Robbers of the Rhine*, the first play-writing venture of the matinee idol Maurice Barrymore, whose children — Lionel, fourteen, Ethel, thirteen, and John, ten — had not yet confined his fame to fatherhood. On opening night Marie stood in the wings as the principals went on stage and blew Barrymore's lines into the flies. Amnesia reigned. Then the lost actors heard the powerful sibilants of Big Marie feeding them all the parts. She had memorized the whole show.

In 1893 Marie moved up to support the famous beauty, Lillian Russell, who became her good friend. In the mornings Marie and Lillian in bloomers would cycle around the Central Park reservoir as La Russell's wolf pack lined the cinder path muttering, "Beauty and the Beastie." Marie bought her parents a house near New York City. On her way home on the *Midnight Owl* she did free shows for the train crew. She once said, "I was born chairman of the entertainment committee."

She was taken up by high society. Marie arrived at a plush town-house affair and was directed up three flights of spiral bronze staircase by a frigid butler. At the top she got astride the rail and went down like a depth bomb. She landed on the butler and they snowballed across the foyer. The functionary restored Marie to her pins and muttered, "I've always wanted to do that myself."

Marie's loudest note on the social register was struck one night at Proctor's vaudeville house in New York where she was doing a burlesque on the *Cherry Sisters*. Down front sat a party of nob command by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish. Marie bounded on with a basket of leeks which she impulsively hurled into the audience. One of the vegetables smote Mrs. Fish on the noggin and tilted her tiara. The gallery deafeningly saluted the bull's-eye. Mrs. Fish swept backstage and asked which was Marie's dressing room. While the manager sweated at the keyhole Mrs. Fish begged Marie to come to her house and throw things at the *Four Hundred*.

In 1907 Marie hit London for six in a variety triumph no American entertainer matched until Danny Kaye did it forty years later. The music halls paid her twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week, five times her top Broadway pay. Marie's best friend, Nella Webb, went to her opening at the elite Palace Theatre, somewhat afraid of the impact of her pal's scenery-smashing art on the London carriage trade. "Marie came out in a proper evening gown," Nella recalls. "She looked gigantic: she was five feet ten and weighed over two hundred. With dignity she went over to the grand piano and gave it a mighty shove with one hand. The crowd roared. She did some comedy songs with hammy operatic effects. They screamed. For her curtain she had the nerve to do a straight rendition of *Little Boy Blue*. They broke down and bawled in their seats."

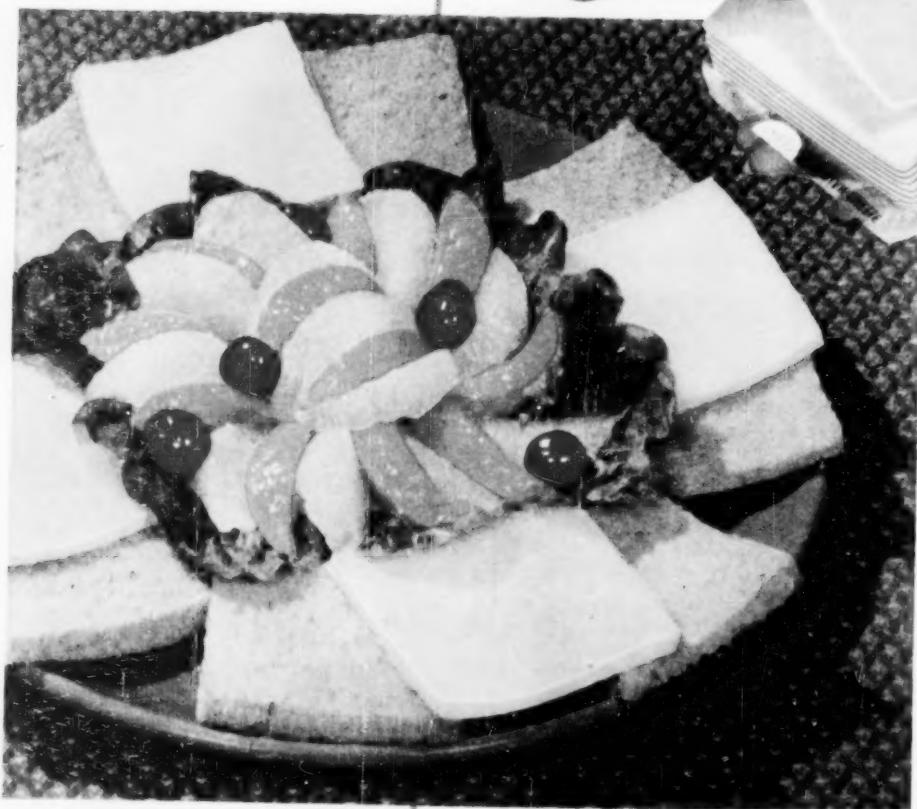
Then Marie met disaster. She financed a show in London which flopped with a twenty-thousand-dollar debt. Her solicitors put her into bankruptcy but Marie insisted on paying off every copper. (Twenty-five years later, when she hit the Hollywood jackpot, she redeemed the IOUs.) She retreated to New York, was stricken with typhoid and her beloved mother died while Marie was helpless in bed. It looked like her closing notice. Her

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fellow artists threw a benefit show to finance a decent retirement for her at forty.

Several months later Marie was the talk of the land in her greatest stage vehicle, *Tillie's Nightmare*, singing her memorable song:

Then to him the brave girl these words did say:  
Stand back there, villain, go your way  
Here I will no longer stay:  
Although you were a marquis or an earl.  
You may tempt the upper classes  
With your villainous demitasses  
But Heaven will protect the working girl!

Marie went to Los Angeles in 1914 to sun herself and ran into Canadian-born Mack Sennett. He said, "Ever see my Keystone comedies?"

She exclaimed, "Your custard-pie work is marvelous, darling."

Mack expanded in the praise of an expert and asked Marie, "How'd you like to do a *Tillie* picture for me for two thousand a week?"

Marie said, "Sit down, darling. My feet are killing me."

While D. W. Griffith made *The Birth of a Nation*, Sennett made *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, the first U. S. feature-length film.

On the Keystone lot Marie did a double-take at a small youth with a Cockney accent whom she had seen in the English music halls. She hauled him off to Sennett. "Mack, darling, of course we're going to have my friend Charlie Chaplin in the picture?"

*Tillie's Punctured Romance* opened before Griffith's masterpiece and it is still running in scratchy versions with

canned music. It stars Marie, supported by Chaplin and Mabel Normand. In her familiar farm-girl role Marie wears clown-white make-up, heavy inverted-V eyebrows and kohl rings around her beautiful pale eyes. Her eyes and her nimble fingers were her only aesthetic points. Chaplin had not yet adopted his tramp turnout. He plays a city slicker who induces Marie to steal her father's money and run off with him. The big scene is a burlesque costume ball which ends with Marie shying pies like a clay-pigeon trap.

It was Marie's first film. She did not sense what Chaplin already knew: that one must act precisely and delicately into the lens, which was closer than the front row of the theatre and yet could make a nostril bigger than Marie Dressler broad-jumping into the orchestra pit. She learned the secret years later and came perilously near matching Charlie's genius at moving worlds with a finger and writing epics with an eyebrow.

In 1916 Marie signed with Florenz Ziegfeld for *The Century Girl* on Broadway. When she started super-

vising rehearsals the cold Ziegfeld announced to the papers, "In order to shorten an overlong performance Miss Marie Dressler has retired from the cast." Marie gave Ziegfeld a merry ha-ha and sailed for Europe. Except for widely separated and short reprises she was to be unemployed for fourteen years.

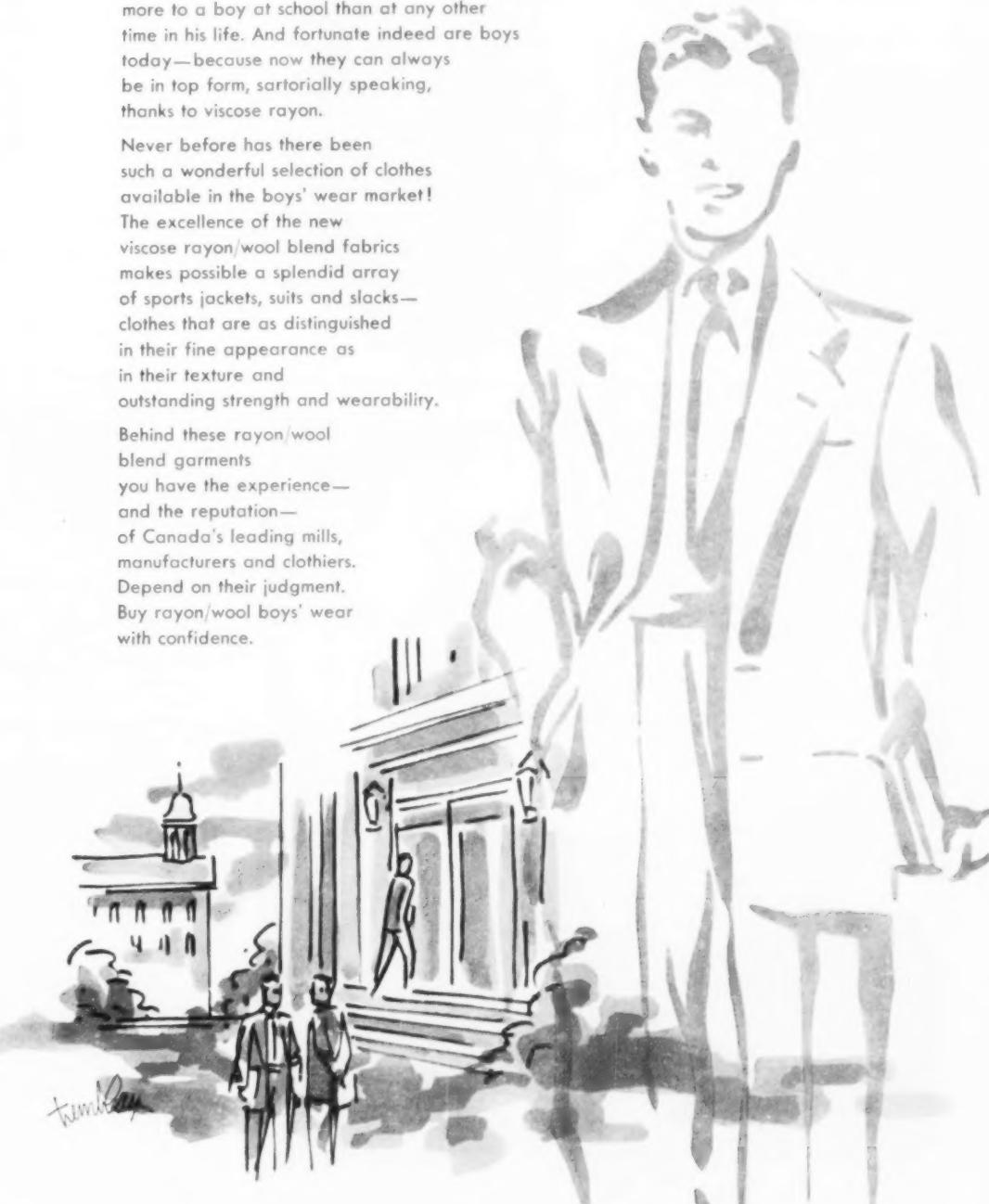
Marie returned and blew her savings on a war-bond tour with Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin. She became friendly with the assistant secretary of the navy. Later in the White House, after both had

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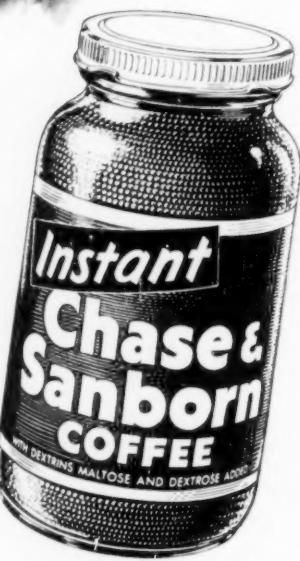




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taken heavy blows, Marie felt in her marrow the sight of Franklin D. Roosevelt striving to his feet on his fleshless legs. She was personally acquainted with courage.

When she was thirty-eight Marie met the love of her life, James H. Dalton. He was a picaresque red-haired promoter who busily constructed schemes around Marie and did not earn a living. One project was a one-hundred-thousand-dollar movie company financed equally by ten of Marie's friends. The company vanished and nobody knew where the money went. In 1920 Dalton was invalidated by dropsy in a midtown New York house Marie owned. The couple's only income came from renting the top floors of the house.

Marie secluded herself to nurse him. Nella Webb remembers, "I was shocked by her appearance. She had let herself run down—careless dresses, slatternly shoes. Yet she thought she was a fashion designer. When she got the Academy Award in 1931 the studio fitted her with a five-hundred-dollar Adrian gown to wear to the dinner. Marie ripped it up and made it over."

In 1921 Dalton died in Chicago, as "the husband of Marie Dressler." Then Marie's secret life exploded in the Press. "Information from Boston tonight revealed that Mrs. L. A. Dalton, of Brighton Avenue, Allston, a suburb of that city, claimed Dalton as her husband, and said he left her twelve years ago," said the New York Times. "Miss Dressler, through a representative, said tonight, 'I met Mr. Dalton in 1907. At that time he was in financial straits, and I took him with me to manage my affairs. We grew in a few years to care a great deal for each other, and decided we would like to be married. Then Mr. Dalton told me of his wife, for I did not know until then that he was married.'

"We went to this woman and with Mr. Dalton's brother, begged her to divorce him. They had never been able to get along and there was every reason why she should divorce him. She laughed at us and refused. Since that time Mr. Dalton has always been my manager."

#### Fountains and a Gigolo

The life insurance company to which Marie had paid Dalton's regular installments refused to recognize her as the beneficiary. The bitter revelation sent Marie retreating to Europe as the paid companion of a wealthy woman. When she returned it was the same as before: her retirement was an accepted fact. Marie launched rumors that she might entertain a comeback offer. It was too late. The jazz age was camel-walking past with saxophones, hip hooch and moron dramas about flappers and sheiks. Marie was more than fifty. She didn't fit the picture.

She put on her best front and noisily moved into the Ritz-Carlton, the correct address for a star of her magnitude. Albert Keller, the manager, was an old friend. He gave Marie his tiniest room and put her on the cuff at the Ritz Supper Club. There, in the delirious days of the big boom, you might don your paper hat, pour out your popskull and soda and sit next to an old dame that looked familiar. The MC would beg this old party to do a number and, by gad, she was terrific. Wealthy retired actress, Marie Dressler.

In 1925 Marie met Harry Reichenbach, king of press agents, with whom she dreamed up a series of film shorts—Travelaugh—in which Marie would play an American Mrs. Malaprop, visiting famous places around the world. Nella Webb, who was a head shorter than Marie, would play her companion. The trio sailed for France where Marie

bought a motorcycle with a sidecar for Nella. They started shooting at Versailles and the gendarmes stopped them: a permit was required. Marie applied for the paper but French cabinets were changing like vaudeville acts and nobody stayed in office long enough to channel the permit. Marie laid an ambush for the newest prime minister, Raymond Poincaré, as he arrived to take office. She shouldered through the Garde Républicaine, shoved the permit at Poincaré and shouted, "Ecrivez-vous, Monsieur!" The premier graciously gave his autograph to the American tourist.

The script called for Marie to walk among the Versailles fountains with a gigolo with whom she exchanged a nudge, then a shove and, inevitably, a fall into a fountain. When she climbed out no dry clothes had been provided. "Marie had to walk a half mile to the palace to change in the public lavatory," said Nella, "and every step she got madder and madder. She hustled me into the sidecar and we roared back to the hotel. Marie booked the first boat for New York. They sent the unfinished films over but Marie refused to pay the duty and they were never released."

#### The Big Star of Roly-Poly

Marie's unemployment was lightened by the financier Jules Bache, who earmarked part of a stock market wager for her and presented her with a cheque for eleven thousand dollars. She worked without pay to help Anne Morgan, sister of J. P. Morgan, raise two millions for a colossal clubhouse for professional actresses. The fund fell short. Miss Morgan had to fall back on Rockefeller. She poured a cosy tea for John D. Jr. and his advisory corps. She had them over the barrel when Marie bounded in, took charge and cracked a joke which depended on a vulgar anatomical term. The marks got up, closed their portfolios, and filed out. Marie made up for her protocol lapse by winnowing nineteen lesser rich fellows for the deficit. The clubhouse is now the Henry Hudson Hotel.

Up came something that looked like a break—a wire from director Allan Dwan offering Marie a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar bit part in a film in Florida. "It's your comeback, Marie!" her friends cried. Marie amended her Who's Who autobiography to read, "Returned to films 1926," and went to Florida.

She got one day's work.

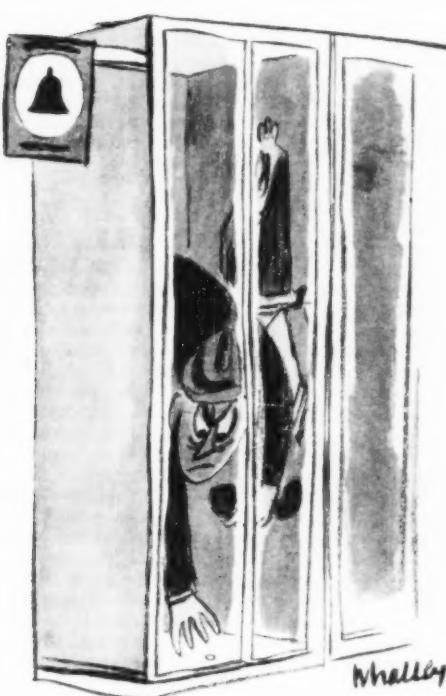
Stranded in the sun she ran into Addison Mizner, the high-flying architect who built Palm Beach. He introduced Marie to the state's principal industry, which consisted of people milling around selling submarine real-estate plots to each other. Marie grabbed the phone and unloaded some choice reefs and shoals on her friends. She found out later it was a sucker game. Her friends forgave it.

At fifty-eight she had been out of her profession for eleven years. She moved in with Nella Webb, who had put out her astrologist's place card on Marie's advice: "Give up the theatre, darling. You can be as old as God and still do horoscopes, but

Give +  
Generously

## SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



nobody wants anybody in the theatre that is over seventeen." Marie decided to be a cook and talked of going to Paris to open a restaurant and outdo Escoffier. Some friends took her to Atlantic City for Christmas of 1926.

While Marie was in Atlantic City the Hollywood scenarist, Frances Marion, turned from her typewriter to ruffle a movie magazine and was arrested by a review of an Allan Dwan picture which praised a bit player named Marie Dressler. Frances Marion's memory flashed back a quarter century to a dressing room in San Francisco, where the big star of Weber & Field's hit *Roly-Poly* was being interviewed by a seventeen-year-old cub reporter. The actress was kind. She said to young Frances Marion, "Light out of here, darling. Go where you can do something with your talent."

### A Summons from the Stars

Marion had taken Marie's advice and was now the most famous of screen playwrights. Warmed by Marie's memory, Frances Marion turned back to her script for *The Callahans and the Murphys* and wrote Marie's prodigious personality into Mrs. Callahan. Marion's weight at the MGM factory was enough to induce Irving Thalberg, the incumbent genius, to the preposterous idea of hiring a has-been named Dressler as the star of a big-budget production.

Nella says the Hollywood summons came on a day she had predicted by the stars, Jan. 17, 1927. Marie forgot the Paris restaurant and took off to destroy Hollywood. The shooting of the film went like a day in the fun house. The word went out that Thalberg had had his finest hour; he had pulled Marie Dressler out of his Homburg. Preview audiences left with, "Who was that wonderful dame that played Mrs. Cal-

lahan?" They were snickering over Marie's picnic scene with Polly Moran; two heat-exhausted matrons collapsed against a tree, grabbed bottles of beer (it was still Prohibition), drew the brew lovingly toward them and sluiced the contents into their bodices, wriggling with pleasure.

Two weeks after the film opened it was withdrawn. The Irish Catholic Al Smith was running for president on a wet ticket and his cynical opponents charged that Al and the Pope of Rome were boring a tunnel into the White House to bring beer and such abandoned scenes as Marie and Polly under the tree.

### The Silent Sheiks Had Gone

Marie got no more work. She played solitaire and waited for an offer. She had no actor's agent to tout her wares.

Frances Marion was almost the only Hollywood figure who cared. Two years later Frances Marion was assigned to adapt Eugene O'Neill's drama, *Anna Christie*, for Greta Garbo. The writer saw Marie as Marthy Owen, the old frump who befriends tragic Anna. Again Marion convinced Thalberg to use Marie. History itself was catching up with the old trouper. The flapper drama was as busted as the banks. Talking pictures had wiped out the silent sheiks and stood ready to throw Marie Dressler's growls into peanut heaven. The picture made her a

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Makes 2 Dozen

Measure into large bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water

1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

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Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

3/4 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/4 cup granulated sugar

2-1/4 teaspoons salt

4-1/2 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture; stir in

1/4 cup lukewarm water

Stir in

2-1/4 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

2-1/4 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, prepare

#### ORANGE FILLING

Combine in a saucepan

2-1/2 tablespoons corn starch

1/2 cup granulated sugar

Gradually blend in

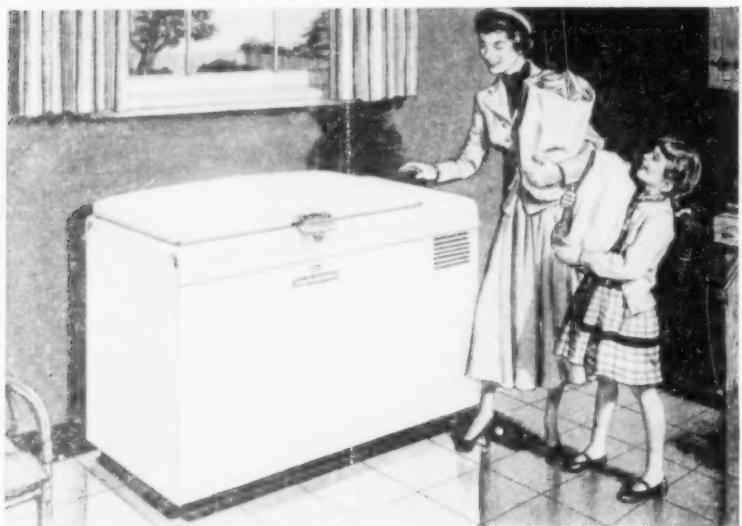
1/3 cup cold water

1/3 cup orange juice



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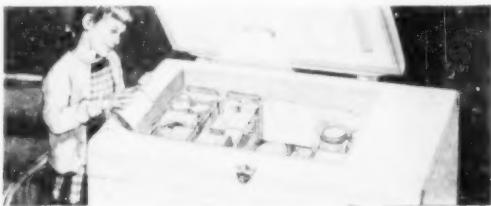


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Marie's last golden reign had to be crowded into a busy schedule. In 1931 she had a "tumor" operation. The movie manufacturers knew it was cancer. The bankers who were moving into control of the movies wanted no time wasted on the floor when Dressler's pictures were rolling. Nella Webb visited Marie in the brick colonial pile her friend had bought from Adela Rogers St. John, the author. Instead of a motorcycle sidecar Marie toted her friend around in a black town car with a speaking tube and cut glass vases in the tonneau.

In 1933 Marie refused a ten-thousand-dollar-a-week radio offer. Her strength was going. When she finished the hard work on *Tugboat Annie* in the spring of 1934 the studio agreed she needed a rest. She had made three or four times more films in a year than other top stars. Marie was taken to a guest cottage on a rich man's estate in Montecito, Calif. In June the world read a medical bulletin that Marie was in a coma and "death is only a question of time."

"The bed on which the actress awaits the end has been so arranged that she can look over a pond of graceful water-lilies to the hazy blue of the Pacific," said the New York Times, using the hokum lighting with which Hollywood flooded the old trouper. Marie's last part was not of her choice and the play was directed by a heavy hand, but she gave it her best. She played on incredibly, against heart disease, cancer, kidney disease and uremic poisoning. Every day for a month the deathbed scene was repeated in the world Press. Marie's last stand came on July 28, 1934.

The Industry staged an Emotional

Farewell at the Wee Kirk o' the Heather and put her body next to that of Florenz Ziegfeld who had sacked her out of the theatre in 1916. The estate was probated at two hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Nella Webb received five thousand dollars and a charming figurine of Marie as Tillie Blobbs. The Negro servants, Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Cox, received fifty thousand dollars, her two cars and the household silver to remind them of Marie on their silver wedding anniversary. Other old friends received twenty-five thousand. Marie's only sister, Mrs. Richard Gan-thony, then a seventy-year-old widow in Britain, was willed the balance.

### Made Out of Concrete

Three years after Hollywood's glycerine grief, Marie's footprints and autograph were obliterated from the local reliquary, the concrete in front of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, by means of relocating the box office on top of them. Nella Webb heard about it and yelled across the country. The cash register was lifted off. Today Marie's footprints hold an uneasy place in the cement but her home in the heart of a generation is secure.

Indeed, there are portents that Marie may make another comeback. Recently, at a historical screening at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, an audience which may not have averaged seven years of age when Marie died, gathered to take notes on Greta Garbo and "The Rise of the Swedish Film." What they saw was Anna Christie twenty-one years after. They watched Marie's astonishing talkie debut and, when she made her exit, they interrupted their Garbo devotions to applaud the unknown character actress. ★

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TRADE MARK

## The Greatest Three-Cent Show on Earth

Continued from page 9

Einstein had refused point-blank to see him. The next three told how he had tried to get in to see Einstein. The next three told how Einstein had tried to throw him out. The final column was reserved for the actual interview with Einstein and his wife. In it Knowles permitted himself the luxury of a moment of humility:

"This is a proud moment for me. Mrs. Einstein," I returned, "just to think that poor little me has actually been discussed in the great Einstein home."

Knowles is dead, but Bridle's column still appears. Bridle is a skeletal man with a mane of white hair who writes his column, also in longhand, at 2 a.m., a fact that strengthens some newsmen in their opinion that he writes it in the dark. One man on the desk is a "Bridle man" and it is his difficult task to translate the spidery longhand into words. Once, as Bridle handed his copy to a waiting taxi, a wind blew away the sheets. The unnumbered pages were retrieved and put in some sort of order. No one knew, even after it appeared in print, whether it was the right order or not. Bridle has for years been writing in a stream-of-consciousness vein that is peculiarly his own. One of the more understandable paragraphs that appeared recently reads:

Sherwood, years ago own-play firstnighter here at Royal before he wrote blurbs for ex-Pres. "F.D.R." is author of "Miss Liberty" film, at present convulsing B'way. Times

art-spasms on "leitmotif" stars of this cinema blurb are gloriously amusing; caricatures that show why Dickens ever wrote novels — but not why some infantile-iconoclast composers write "modern" music. Super-symptomatic these cartoons!

Unpredictable though it may be, the Star's brand of journalism has worked. Its circulation has steadily been rising since its inception. A picture expert once composed a ten-page memo on ways to improve the Star Weekly rotogravure section. The editors were enthusiastic but old Joseph Atkinson returned it with a curt scrawled phrase: "The Toronto Star Weekly does not quarrel with success." The makeup of neither paper has changed appreciably over the generations.

Many have wondered just what the Star's formula for success is. It has espoused some of the unlikeliest causes in its time. And yet this as much as anything has helped it flourish.

The Star's iconoclasm, half idealistic, half studied, was the contribution of J. E. Atkinson in whose complex personality was blended an almost impossible mixture of shyness, idealism, puritanism and hard-headedness. He was a slight neat figure in pince-nez and high collar whose deafness kept him walled away from the world about him. To his staff he was an almost ghostlike creature, seldom seen except on Christmas Eve when they filed in dutifully to shake his hand. But he knew every detail of each man's life, his home town, his scholastic record, his tenure on the paper and the details of his private life. In the right hand drawer of his desk he kept a pile of little black books which contained up to within a week the details of business of each department, the lineage of the advertising, the space given to news,



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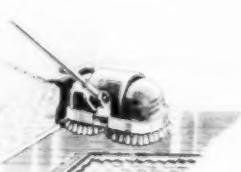
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He was an odd man to be in charge of a razzle-dazzle paper. He hated airplanes but his paper chartered them at the drop of a copy pencil. It once hired a seventeen-passenger airliner to fly some reporters to Newfoundland when Sir Frederick Banting was killed. But Atkinson insisted that every man get permission from him before he took to the air.

His passion for the orderly often seemed out of place in the copy-strewn newsroom that was the hub of his world. When he visited the editorial floor a secretary frequently preceded him to make sure the desks were neat, the floor swept, the filing cabinets closed. His own office was spotless and his handwriting prim and womanly.

### Pretty Girls With Bare Legs

Atkinson had intended to be a Methodist minister and, although he became an agnostic in later life, the Methodist streak was in him to the end. He didn't like women on his paper and the Star has hired very few. He was opposed to cheesecake, the trade name for leggy pictures of pretty girls. If a picture offended him beyond endurance he would order the presses stopped and have it removed. Once he banned all pictures of women's legs below the thigh. Yet his paper made a large part of its reputation on cheesecake. At one time Star photographers were accompanied by pretty models who appeared in all photographs. Once when airfield employees threatened to strike the Star ran a picture of a pretty girl with long bare legs. If the strike went on, the caption read, girls like these "will miss seeing planes over the sea."

Atkinson's editors went as far as they dared—when they went too far he would stop all cheesecake dead. During World War I, when the Star praised a patriotic show in the Armories, Atkinson stopped the presses and had the story pulled out because the performance had included a ballet dancer in tights. Divorce was a theme to him. He ordered a front page picture of Wallis Simpson removed during the abdication crisis. Legend has it that he personally tore the cut out of the form himself. He was a teetotaler and alcohol has always been "booze" in Star headlines. The Star vigorously opposed the repeal of prohibition in Ontario in the early Thirties and sent photographers out to collect bottles thrown from passing cars on the highways to support its campaign. The photographers simply bought them up from small boys at twenty-five cents apiece.

Although the Star spent millions to get the news, and gave more millions away on promotion stunts, Atkinson himself was so parsimonious that he would sometimes appear on the editorial floor to turn off lights which he felt were burning up the profits. He drove Star Weekly editors berserk because he felt every square inch of newsprint should be covered with type or pictures. He felt the artist's concept of "white space" for effect was wasteful.

When his sister wanted some plumbing done Atkinson got a Star reporter to do the job and insisted he buy his material secondhand. Yet he was worth millions. The Star was debt free. When the skyscraper was built in 1929 it was financed entirely from the paper's accumulated funds.

And the paper itself has belied the reputation of the strange old man who owned it. Harry Hindmarsh, its huge, lumbering, slow-spoken presiding genius, has spent more money on news than any Canadian in history. On big

stories, money has been no object. Star expense accounts are legendary. Two Star men, sent to do a story on Montreal night life once wired the paper at 2:30 a.m. and insisted that two hundred and fifty dollars in cash be delivered to their table at El Morocco. It was. One reporter, returning from overseas found he couldn't account for four thousand dollars. He was locked in an office and told to make up an expense account. His first item started out: "To rent of Victorian carriage . . ."

Here perhaps was the strangest of all paradoxes in this saga of paradox: frugal old Joe Atkinson counting every dollar in his little black books; big Harry Hindmarsh spending it like water to get the news at any cost. It led to the Star's reputation for callousness and unpredictability. Atkinson kept the Star editorial budget on a monthly basis. If Hindmarsh exceeded his budget one month Atkinson made him cut it by a like amount the next. As a result men were frequently fired out of hand in the economy waves that periodically swept the editorial floor. In the five months following the Moose River mine disaster, on which the Star spent ten thousand dollars, eighteen reporters were let out.

### Skates For a Poor Boy

Inevitably the paper stubbed its toes trying to save money. An economy wave was on when the Dionne quintuplets were born. When the North Bay correspondent queried his paper on the phenomenon he got a wire back asking him to keep his story down to two hundred words. The Star recovered quickly and succeeded finally in tying up all rights to the Dionne quints. In the end one of its reporters became the Quints' manager and one of its photographers their official cameraman.

During the economy waves the staff did a right-about-face. A reporter couldn't get so much as a copy pencil unless he turned the stub of the old one in. Typewriters were in such battered condition that some reporters in desperation bought their own. It was said that the Star always had three staffs: one arriving, one working and one being let out.

Yet the Star has been subject to as many fits of generosity as it has to caprices of harshness. Atkinson seemed to have two compartments in his mind, one softly sentimental, the other cold and hard as a chisel. When something touched him personally he was tender-hearted. He used to hire people because he was sorry for them. On his personality there was indelibly stamped a childhood experience which he never forgot. As a poor boy in Newcastle, Ont., he had been watching a group of children skate. Suddenly, a rich lady in a fur coat appeared to buy him a pair of skates so he could join the others. There was a Santa Claus aspect to his character forever afterward. Once on a trip through northern Ontario he got off the train to tuck a dollar bill into the bodice of a sleeping baby. "I want its mother to be surprised when she comes back," he said. Two of the Star's most successful promotions have been its Christmas Santa Claus Fund and its Fresh Air Fund, both of them for underprivileged children.

There is no question that the left-wing and labor views of Atkinson's paper as well as his own parsimony sprang from the days when, as an orphan of fourteen, he had to go to work in a woolen mill. He hated it. Early one morning the mill burned down and his sister woke him to tell him. There was pathos in his answer. "Then I can have another sleep," he



said wearily and rolled over on the pillow.

In his later years his paper always took the side of the working man. Slavishly Liberal at election times, the Star has been left of the party otherwise. Atkinson sent five reporters to Russia. One was a Russian-born social worker with a madonna-like face named Margaret Gould who came to have considerable influence on him. She wrote most of the Star's Communist-line editorials before Atkinson's death and is credited with the paper's enthusiastic espousal of the aid-to-Russia fund. Miss Gould, who has been barred from entry into the U. S., is still on the staff but her star, which is still red, is in decline.

Atkinson himself personally gave advice to CIO strike leaders at General Motors just before the war. But when labor trouble hit him personally, at almost the same time, he balked. At first he appeared to welcome the Newspaper Guild. In the end he broke it. Some say the change of heart came when the guild paper referred to him as "Holy Joe."

He was holy enough in his youth. The only books in his household were the Methodist Bible and Hymnary. The man who was to one day control the reading habits of millions read no other books until he was almost twenty.

#### He Left His Stammer Behind

His father had been killed by a railway train when he was two. Brought up in a boardinghouse, the youngest of eight children, motherless at fourteen, he developed into a shy, nervous, sickly youth with a terrible block stammer. (Hindmarsh, the other man who helped shape the Star, was also a shy fatherless boy.) Once at school, a rowdy class cuffed young Atkinson when he didn't answer a question. Realizing, too late, that the youth stammered, the teacher promptly made a public apology. Atkinson never forgot that either. In 1929, when they opened the great skyscraper that was as much a monument as an office building, his sole personal guest among the throng of prelates and politicians was a stooped old man who years before had been big enough to say he was sorry.

Atkinson started his newspaper career at eighteen on the weekly Port Hope Times. Here he encountered his first books. He read, with astonishment, the life of Sir Leonard Tilley, who had risen from drugstore clerk to statesman. "It was then," he said later, "that I first became aware of ambition." He promptly asked for a dollar a week raise and when it was refused moved to the Toronto World. He moved up swiftly. By the time he was thirty-one he was managing editor of the Montreal Herald and a sought-after figure

in the newspaper world. Suddenly, young Joe Atkinson realized he no longer stammered.

In 1899 a group of Toronto Liberals bought the sickly Toronto Star for a song and persuaded Atkinson to run it for them. The paper, started by a group of striking printers, hewed to its radical origins under Atkinson, much to its backers' consternation. "I put my money into that paper and now it is trying to ruin me," cried Lyman Jones of Massey-Harris when the Star urged abolition of duty on farm implements.

But the Star flourished. By 1906 it had passed its evening rival, the Telegram. Atkinson, who had an option on Star stock, was soon to own it outright. Thus the paper was free of any outside influence except his own. He came out for public hydro, public streetcars and public railways. Atkinson was now important enough to have a middle initial. He became Joseph F. Atkinson, after Elmina Elliott, a newspaperwoman he had met and married during a sojourn on the Toronto Globe. She had a social conscience too. The Star championed everything from workmen's compensation to high income and succession taxes. Yet Atkinson worried about his personal taxes. When Star profits soared he increased the budget so his own taxes would stay down. And his critics have said that the controversial Charitable Foundation which he left behind him was a dodge to escape the very succession duties he advocated.

Early in its history the Star became the friend of the minorities. In Orange Toronto it gave full coverage to Jews and Catholics. The minorities added up to a majority and the Star prospered.

#### The Three Super-Salesmen

As the paper grew rich a subtle change was wrought in the personality of the man who grew rich with it. The zealous young reformer became the shrewd and practical businessman. The Star Weekly, whose circulation now stands at nine hundred thousand, and the Star news syndicate came into being. Reporters with nothing to do wrote pieces for the Weekly. When the paper plunged on a story, like the Great Lakes storm of 1927 which cost it twelve thousand dollars, its syndicate marketed the results and got the money back with interest. Atkinson bought his first shares in the paper for fifty cents. The last cost him two thousand dollars. Their value is incalculable today. He wanted to become a Canadian Northcliffe and bought the Canadian Advertiser, which was to be the first in a mighty chain of papers. But it failed. He retired to the Star whose formula was peculiarly its own.

Evangelism and idealism, which had

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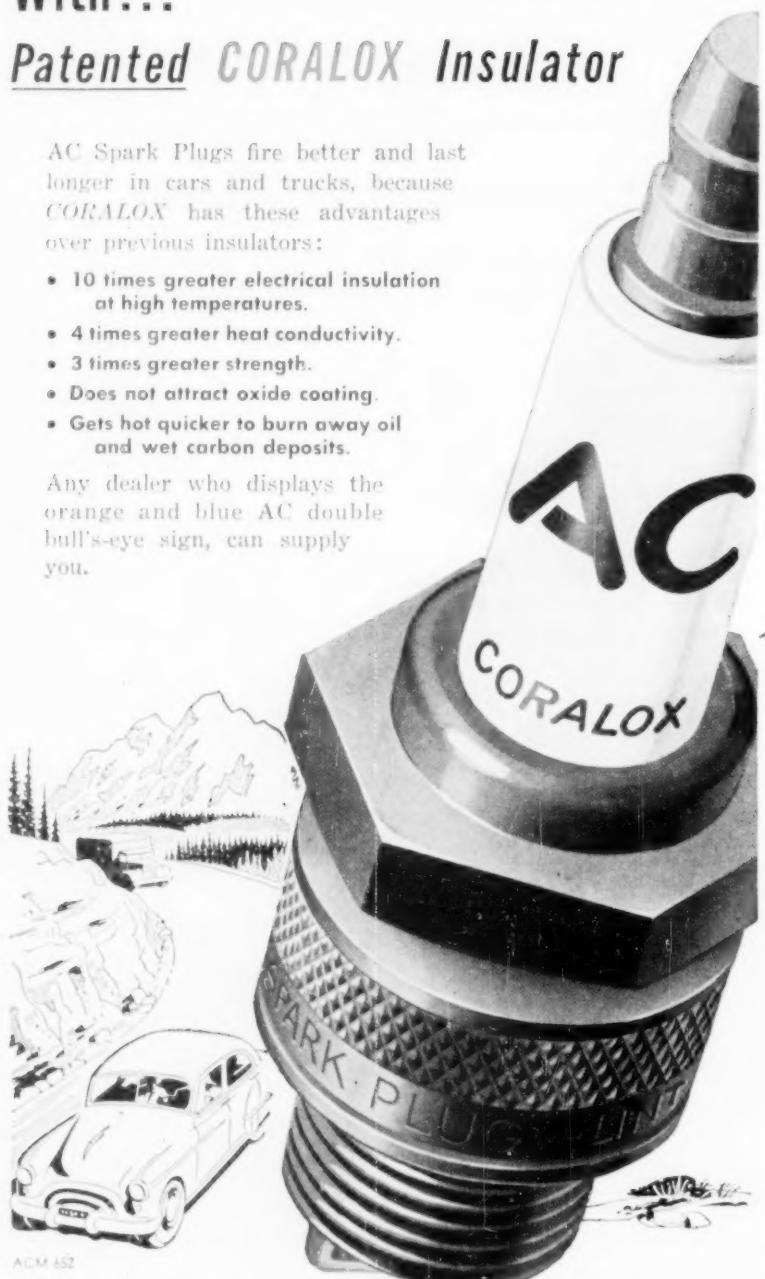


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so off so well, became part of that muda. The Star has always been partial to religion as a circulation getter and this policy, half cynical, half evangelical, was lampooned by two newspapermen. They wrote a memorable poem which former Star men still carry. At the time the paper was publishing, with tremendous fanfare, Dickens' Life of Christ, Dickens' Love Letters, the Life of Edith Cavell and gruesome pictures of World War I battlefields. Vernon Knowles (no relation to the Reverend R. E.) was managing editor. The verses are still sung, to the tune of Bonnie Dundee:

To Hindmarsh and Knowles Mr. Atkinson spoke.  
If we don't sell more papers the Star will go broke;  
I've three super-salesmen who say they can sell,  
They're Jesus and Dickens and Edith Cavell.  
Chorus:

Come fill up our columns with sober stuff and sex,  
Shed tears by the gallons and slush by the pecks.  
Let the presses revolve like the mill-tails of Hell  
For Jesus and Dickens and Edith Cavell.

This Jesus is gentle; surround him with tots;  
The mayor and his kiddies should make some good shots.  
Get statements from Cody and Joey Flavelle,  
On Jesus and Dickens and Edith Cavell.

As a lover this Dickens is really the bunk,  
His letters are long and his technique is punk,  
But he looks kind of sexy, his whiskers are swell;  
And besides, we've got Jesus and Edith Cavell.

Edith Cavell is the best of the lot.  
It's always hot news when a woman is shot.  
Get plenty of pictures for those who can't spell.  
Of Jesus and Dickens and Edith Cavell.

Chorus:  
Then hey for the paper that strives for the best.  
(If Jesus makes good we'll put over Mae West)  
With cuties and comics and corpses and smell,  
And Jesus and Dickens and Edith Cavell.

Atkinson built his skyscraper for four and a half millions in 1929, buried his wife in 1931 and retired into the silent world only a deaf man knows. From then on his life was bound up completely with the Star and outside its tall spire he had little real existence. "He created a skyscraper and ultimately it possessed him," an old colleague says. His one relaxation was his speed boat which he drove faster and faster at Lake of Bays, buying more powerful engines for it as the years went by. He turned his back on the faith of his fathers and became an agnostic. The clock was set by his arrival at the Star. More and more the little black books in his drawer dominated his life. But he ruled his paper with an iron will. They called him The Chief. His shrill orders,

transmitted through the phone to his son in-law and vice-president, Hindmarsh, were acted on with the speed of light. He held no editorial conferences. He read the editorial page proofs and threw away the ones he didn't like. The paper gave space to the Oxford Group, the Nazis, Social Credit and the New Deal.

George Drew, whom he hated, publicly called him "an evil old man" but he was more lonely than evil. Atkinson never answered his critics personally; the Star did it for him. The paper badgered Drew constantly during Atkinson's lifetime and Drew called it "a villainous rag." Star headlines were pointed sneers at the man who stood for everything that was foreign to Atkinson—Toryism, imperialism and the old school tie. The campaign perhaps reached its zenith with one astonishing eight-column headline which read:

"DREW DISEASE" BLAMED FOR MANITOULIN TROUT RAVAGING  
Perch, Pike Slaughter  
Laid to Drew's Policy

Toward the end the inevitable senility which spares no one reached out for him. On May 7, 1948, in the dark of the night the sick old man of eighty-two struggled up from his bed. His two nurses tried to subdue him. "Let me alone," he cried out in his cracked voice. "Let me alone! I want to get down on my knees and pray." These were almost his last words. The next day he was dead.

### Cameras at the Cloverleafs

He passed as capriciously as he had lived—after the Star's final edition was on the streets, in good time for the rival Globe and Mail which had baited him in his declining years. But his own paper did him proud. It devoted ninety columns, one hundred and two separate stories and twenty-three pictures to his death and career. It was the supreme accolade. They had given him more space than Lou Marsh.

The following day he was buried at Oakville. The Star covered the ceremony as though it were a royal funeral. It plotted the route of the cortège on a map and assigned each man his spot and job, giving him printed instructions and copies of every other reporter's instructions. Photographers in pairs were spotted at each cloverleaf along the highway to Oakville, one to photograph the cortège coming, the other to photograph it as it went past. Every man on the paper filed past the bier to gaze upon the thin cold face of a man some of them had never seen.

When it was all over, Wessely Hicks of the Star went out next day to Oakville on the ceaseless hunt for news. In the cemetery he happened on the man who had dug Atkinson's grave. He stopped him.

"Did you bury him good and deep?" Hicks asked.

"No," said the man, "I didn't. They told me to bury him shallow. They said you never know—they might be needing him again." ★



Pierre Berton Continues the Story of

THE GREATEST THREE-CENT SHOW ON EARTH

in the next issue with

**HINDMARSH OF THE STAR**

MACLEAN'S APRIL 1

ON SALE MARCH 26

## How Racketeers Sold Entry Into Canada

Continued from page 11

afford to pay Salvo from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars found no difficulty, according to d'Errico. They would leave their passports with him at nine in the morning, get them back fully stamped and inscribed by five the same afternoon.

Salvo was a friend of George G. Wilson. Another friend of Salvo (but not, he says, of Wilson) was Mario Lattoni, QC, a Montreal lawyer who was in Rome at that time as the guest of John M. Petrone, of New York. Petrone, who is also known as John M. Bennett, is the principal owner of the Petrone Travel Agency, of the Bronx, N.Y., and of 1410 Stanley Street, Montreal.

Petrone wanted a man to represent his agency in Rome; he was not satisfied with the man he had there at the time. Lattoni suggested Salvo, whom he had known during the latter's stay in Canada. Lattoni himself confirms this, though he swears "on the tomb of my little girl" that he did not know George Wilson, that he knew of no connection between Salvo and Wilson, and that he knew of nothing irregular in the issuance of Canadian visas.

Meanwhile, on the United States side of the border, immigration officers could see a considerable increase in the smuggling of Italians across from Canada. They noted sourly the advertisements in such newspapers as *Il Progresso Italo-American*, New York:

PETRONE TRAVEL AGENCY — Immigration into Canada. Cases begun now will be completed by May. HURRY.

Advertisements like that were still running in February. There were other little straws to show a north wind, too.

The busy Gustavo d'Errico, for example, had written to one Italo-American in New England to tell him his wife's brother-in-law wanted to come to Canada. The wife, born in the U.S., had visited Italy the year before and apparently her clothes and her pocket money (saved for twenty years) made the village folk think she was rich.

D'Errico's letter said that if the Italo-American relative would send one hundred dollars, "work could be commenced on getting the papers ready." Asked for a quotation on the total cost he estimated three hundred and fifty dollars for the "paper work" over and above the steamship fare.

(A month ago I asked d'Errico what he thought to be a fair charge, in addition to ocean fare, for assisting immigrants. He said two hundred dollars. To the same question the immigration department of Canadian Pacific Steamships answered "No charge at all." However, the CPS wouldn't have touched an application originating in the United States at any price. They'd assume that, in such a case, the immigrant's true destination was not Canada but the U.S.A.)

That assumption is widely shared. A New York travel agent has told police of one colleague who offered him a partnership, and who boasted to him of being able to sell passage from Italy to the United States via Canada for one thousand dollars. Another informant, hoping to stave off a deportation order by helping the police, told of a "smuggling ring" in Brooklyn which brought Italians in by the same route at fourteen hundred dollars each. But, except for such hearsay evidence, there is no proof of any direct tie-up.

On the section of the border that lies directly between Montreal and New York thirty-three Italians were

caught last year attempting to enter the U.S. illegally. That was a big increase over the year before and doubtless a creditable haul for the handful of immigration officers who patrol the undefended border, but it was obviously a mere drop in the bucket. Underworld tipsters tell the police of both countries that in Windsor, Ont., alone there's a floating population of some three thousand Italians and probably as many Greeks, waiting to be taken across the river for a price. Relatively few of them are caught.

Last May, eleven Italian seamen

deserted the SS *Canberra* in Montreal. They went to an Italian restaurant on St. Catherine Street east and sought out a certain man whose name had been given to them before they left Italy. (It may or may not be a coincidence that this man was arrested some months ago on charges of peddling drugs, in a group of arrests which the Mounties believe to have cleaned up a big narcotics smuggling ring. Some of those arrested have already been convicted; others are undergoing trial.)

The sailors paid three hundred dol-

lars apiece to this Montrealer and he billeted them for a while in a tourist home on St. Denis Street. Then, early in June, he had them driven by taxi to a farmhouse on the Vermont border. They arrived at dusk. As it got darker they were shown a path that led across to the United States. Once over, they were to take train, bus or auto for New York.

Actually the poor seamen didn't get far. None could speak a word of English and several were picked up before they even left the border village of St. Albans, Vt. The rest were

## Nothing's too good for this back-seat driver



It's a mighty nice feeling to have a "chip off the old block" in the back seat. Nothing's too good for him...the best food...the best toys...the best protection in time of emergency.

Yes, this little passenger deserves a safe ride...deserves the safety you can assure him with Dominion Royal Master tires. They give you swift, sure stops, in a straight line, even on rain-slicked streets. The thousands of tread teeth sweep, bite and hold where tires never held before.

Get a set of Dominion Royal Masters and give yourself as much as 60% more safe mileage.



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*for lovelier briefs  
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Undies bearing this Label are made of Viscose Rayon. For briefs and panties that are always a joy to wear, look for the V-Rayon Label.



**Forget ironing worries**

If you want to iron V-Rayon undies, you can forget those special temperatures that other synthetics demand. When you're ironing cotton garments, you can do your V-Rayon undies without changing iron heat. No danger of melting, yellowing or weakening.

*You'll see the V-Rayon Label on garments made by leading manufacturers.*

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producers of Viscose Rayon Yarn and Staple Fibre.

rounded up later. All were tried for illegally entering the country, convicted, and in due course deported back to Italy. Several were fortunate enough to have obtained their transport service from Montreal on credit — they were to have paid after they got to New York. The others lost their three hundred dollars.

There is no direct evidence of any link between George G. Wilson, issuing phony Canadian visas in Rome, and the illicit entry of Italians into the United States. That is one reason why no court action has yet been taken against the small fry already exposed. Police are still hoping to catch the bigger fish who are, they feel certain, involved in the racket on a major scale.

Another reason for delay is an ethical problem which is causing real concern to Hon. Walter Harris, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration. What's to be done with the Italians who already have entered Canada on George Wilson visas? They paid money to get the visas, but, if some of them are telling the truth, they didn't even know they were doing so. According to them, they merely engaged the services of a singularly competent and well-connected travel agent in Rome.

**Heart-to-Heart With George**

One important bit of evidence, which so far is lacking, is the reason for the rejection of these immigrants in the first place. Were they genuine undesirables, excluded for cause? Or were they rejected with the deliberate intent of making them customers for travel agents of the Salvo type? Or, a third possibility, were they immigrants who might have been rejected under the somewhat stricter regulations of two years ago, but who if they applied in Rome today would be admitted without question.

Of course this question has no direct bearing on the action police may take to clean up the immigration racket. However, there is a natural reluctance to make any move until all the facts are known.

Meanwhile the investigation is proceeding on both sides of the water. Shortly before Christmas the RCMP obtained search warrants and raided the Montreal offices of the Petrone Travel Agency and of Mario Lattoni. Documents were seized and later translated and studied. Also, George Wilson has come back to Canada. His venture as a travel agent in Rome went badly.

*Give + Generously*

During the winter he applied for repatriation as a destitute Canadian and in February he was shipped home at the government's expense. The RCMP and the Immigration Department were looking forward to long, heart-to-heart talks with him. They think he may be more loquacious now than he was last summer.

Finally there have been a few breaks on the Italian side. Tongues have been loosened by the knowledge that Canada at last is aware of what was going on.

Lately one Italian went secretly to the Canadian Embassy with a startling story. Italian radiologists, he said, were intimidated into writing false reports on the X-ray plates of certain prospective emigrants. They were told to say no trace of disease had been found; X-ray plates to match the reports would be provided later, before anyone else had a chance to examine the originals. Radiologists were told to comply "or else" and these threats came, said the informant, from officials in the Italian Department of Labor.

Similar methods were used with employers. A relative of one Canadian industrialist, who lives in Italy and helps to select workers for the Canadian firm, was told to put certain names on his list for emigration—"or else." He put them on, but they were all rejected.

Lots of people are rejected nowadays, it seems. In his office on Dante Street, Gustavo D'Errico spoke of it with virtuous indignation.

"You may quote me," he said. "Part of the trouble comes from overzealous Immigration Department officials in Italy. I just heard today — fifty cases refused. No reason given, except they gave my name or somebody else's name as a reference. Apparently anybody we sponsor he don't get a visa."

"Naturally if people cannot get a visa honestly they try to get one some other way."

He has a point there. ★





Mark Smith

*Succulent Maritime Scallops, from the clear, cool waters of Canada's Bay of Fundy, have a wonderfully clean taste.*



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*"For clean taste... look to Canada"*



*Visitors to Canada always remember her picturesque shore lines—the tang of her zestful Northern air—her rich rolling farmlands drenched with sun—and the wonderfully clean taste of so many of the good things from this favoured land.*

The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe, and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian

scenes and Canadian food specialties. They are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world, and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

The House of Seagram feels that the horizon of industry does not terminate at the boundary of its plants; it has a broader horizon, a farther view—a view dedicated to the development of Canada's stature in every land of the globe.

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Moncton, N.B. An Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner has heated my large 8-room house for two years for \$135 per heating season. Previously, under hand firing, it cost me \$300 per season. Naturally I am exceedingly well satisfied with this burner. It gives me more comfort through controlled heat. I would highly recommend this Vortex oil burner to any person for economical oil firing.

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## WIT AND WISDOM



No Problem—Experts are trying to figure a way to relieve prison congestion. Just give any convict an auto and a half-hour's start.—*Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

Boring Too—Patient: "Five dollars is an awful lot of money for pulling a tooth—two seconds' work."

Dentist: "Well, I can pull it very slowly."—*Stratford Beacon-Herald*.

Straight Deductible—Father wonders why he can't deduct the grocery bill from income tax as a charity, since it all goes to his family, a non-profit organization.—*Victoria Colonist*.

Rear Rumbling The rumble seat has disappeared from today's car; but the grumble seat, occupied by the backseat driver, is still with us.—*Toronto Star*.

Today It's the Moon—The Aztec emperors took a public oath each year to keep the sun on its course. That may have been the beginning of the election promise.—*Port Arthur News-Chronicle*.

Budget Blues—The biggest problem that today's housewife has to face is having too much month left at the end of her money.—*Creston (B.C.) Review*.

Who Invented Nero?—Nero was quite a guy. He fiddled while Rome burned long before the fiddle had been invented by the Russians.—*Kingston Whig-Standard*.

The Nifty Nightingale—A columnist says he isn't so interested in seeing that New York baby who whistled the day he was born. But he would like to see his nurse.—*Vancouver Daily Province*.

Even the Grins Were Crooked—Four card sharps got together on a train and in the middle of a hand the dealer tossed his cards down and said, "This game is crooked. That guy ain't playing the hand I dealt."—*Golden (B.C.) Star*.

They Just Fade Away—Two Hollywood producers decided on regular armies of extras for a war epic—five thousand men on one side and four thousand on the other.

"Colossal, Charley!" said the first producer. "Nine thousand men and when the shooting is finished they all have to be paid off. How about that?"

"A cinch," said Charley. "In the last battle scene, real bullets."—*Nowood (Ont.) Register*.

How Much For a Tongue?—Fancy a woman getting a thousand dollars for loss of a thumb," said Mrs. Brown at the dinner table.

"Maybe," said Brown, "it was the one she kept her husband under."—*The Albertan, Calgary*.

Man For the Job—Husband: I can't sleep nights for this danged tooth.

Wife: Why don't you get a job as a night watchman?—*Evening Review, Niagara Falls*.

## JASPER

By Simpkins



MACLEAN'S

"Spring must be pretty close. There goes your father,  
walking in his sleep again."



"I have to go to the bathroom," Mary said, around her sandwich.

## The Day I Took That Bath

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ONE thing you begin to appreciate at the age of forty is what a complicated job it is to break a habit. For instance, it recently took a plumber, a Bologna sandwich, my wife and a view of Georgian Bay to break an old habit of mine of taking a certain kind of bath. I would half fill the tub with hot water, grope my way around through the steam arranging books and magazines at a handy distance from the tub, adjust the temperature of the water until I could just barely stand it, then lie there reading and gradually turning pink. The whole thing was pretty strongly associated with pleasant Sunday mornings of my boyhood when, after all the other members of the family had had their baths, I'd lie in the tub reading the week-end comics or *Rolf in the Woods* until I just had time to show up at the dinner table, scrubbed, shining and holy looking, to watch my father carve the roast beef.

As I grew older, various people tried to break my habit. The first was my father, a reasonable, calm man who chose the course of casual example. If he mentioned that he was going to have a bath and someone said: "I'm not sure there's enough hot water," he'd say, in an elaborately calm manner and without even looking at me: "A few inches of water is all I need." A man who pursued an idea with lively imagination and a fondness for hyperbole, he kept making the quantity less and less until it became a sort of psychological game between us; with me taking deeper and deeper baths and my father taking them in less and less water, until he got down to a cupful and finally began saying "a teaspoonful," at which my mother would glance up and say, with some asperity: "For

heaven's sake, you must get nice and clean."

After I left home, various people tried to make me stop, telling me that I'd kill myself, fall asleep and drown, be electrocuted, scald myself or have a heart attack. The last was my wife, who eventually became too busy with our two children to do anything but say occasionally, "Why can't you just have a bath like a normal person?" but accepted it along with a lot of other things about me that were about as far from Gregory Peck as you can get.

The whole thing came to a head, however, last summer when I moved my family to a summer cottage on Georgian Bay. The place had all city conveniences, including hot and cold running water, electric lights and a flush toilet. It lacked only one thing: a bath tub; the builder presumably feeling that anyone who couldn't get clean in Georgian Bay was too dirty to rent the cottage to anyway.

One day I was in the bathroom looking at some chipped enamel on the sink, about which I'd been calling a local plumber every day at noon for two weeks, when I began to take stock of the possibilities for having a bath. I reasoned that I very seldom lay full length in a tub, but lay like the letter N on a slant, and that, by skilful arrangement of two washtubs, I could have the same sections of me in the same depth of water as in the most modern built-in job on earth. So when my wife had taken the kids into town to do some shopping I decided to give it a try. I figured I could be finished and sitting on the porch before my wife got back.

I got two washtubs out of the garage, one regular-sized one, and the other slightly smaller and, after warming *Continued on page 68*



# Which is really Virginia Mayo?

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(See answer below)



world famous AUTO-LITE spark plugs give you  
**SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE**  
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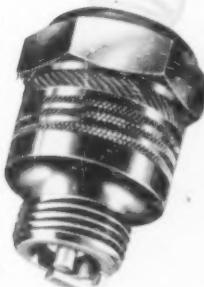
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Spark Plugs offer un-  
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Movie stars have look-alikes  
and spark plugs look  
alike, too... but to get  
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quick starts replace worn-out

spark plugs with *world-famous* Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Both are ignition engineered and both are specified as original equipment on many leading makes of our finest cars. If you know your movie stars, you'll know the girl on the left is beautiful Virginia Mayo, co-starring in the Warner Bros. production, "Starlift." At right is charming Lorraine Davies of New York City. And if you know spark plugs you'll see your friendly Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs because, "You're Always Right With AUTO-LITE."



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**AUTO-LITE**  
**SPARK PLUGS** "Ignition Engineered"

## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

to uphold (among other things) the Church of England—an oath no Roman Catholic could take. Because of the circumstance that the young Queen was in Kenya when her father died she could not take the oath immediately; hence the twenty-four-hour delay. It was not Canada which had been quick, but Britain which had been slow.

As for the two phraseologies, Canada had used the right one. That is the

royal title. According to the Statute of Westminster it may not be changed except by consent of all the parliaments in the Commonwealth.

Canada had made no representations on the subject; on the contrary, Canada had been putting off a constitutional chore which obviously needed doing but about which there was no hurry. The new phraseology of the British proclamation had been devised to please, not the Canadians, but the Irish, the Indians, the Pakistani, etc. It did please the Canadians as well, but that was incidental.

Now, at last, something really will have to be done. We can't go on calling the Queen by different titles; we shall have to work out a new agreed formula. It will probably sound a good deal like the old one to the layman's ear.

\* \* \*

Much less amicable, of course, has been the violent dispute over the appointment of a Canadian governor-general.

It is most unlikely that the House of Commons will ever reflect, in its official debates, the true bitterness of

this wrangle. George Drew and George Nowlan, national president of the Progressive Conservative Party, were both very careful to avoid any violent or unmeasured attack on the Liberal Government's action.

"I was very relieved," a Conservative strategist said. "I could just imagine St. Laurent getting up to say, 'Well, if that's the way you feel maybe we'd better have an election.' Can you imagine such a campaign? With St. Laurent saying on every platform, 'I am reluctant to admit that no Canadian is worthy to represent the King in his own country?'"

But there are, of course, more than political reasons for making an open issue of it. With the single exception of Lord Byng (during the "constitutional crisis" of 1926) every governor-general has been immune from public criticism during his term of office. It would be difficult to maintain a real hammer-and-tongs argument about the Vincent Massey appointment without bringing in the personality of the Governor-General, by inference if not explicitly. The reason is simple: No Canadian wants to be stuck with the argument that *no* Canadian is fit to be the King's representative. Therefore those who oppose the present appointment must, for one reason or another, be opposed to the choice of Vincent Massey.

\* \* \*

Actually, the tradition of polite silence about governors-general has created a situation that is unfair to Mr. Massey. Too few Canadians realize that of the eighteen governors-general we have had since Confederation at least half have been utter washouts and only a handful have been really top-notch, the kind of wise unobtrusive counsellor who really helps the government of which he is the nominal head. The record of British appointments has not been very good.

At the moment, it is not easy to think of a suitable candidate in Britain—one who is adequate for the post and who can be spared from whatever he is doing. We were lucky to keep Lord Alexander as long as we did. What Briton could have succeeded him at just this moment?

Royal relatives have been exhausted. Members of the immediate Royal Family present a number of special difficulties—the problem of succession is almost insuperable; the frenzy of snobism in the nation's capital is unedifying; when, as sometimes, happens, the individual turns out to be a poor hand at the job it is impossible to do or even say anything about it.

Sir Robert Borden, who suffered sorely from the Duke of Connaught before and during the First World War, once said to a friend: "There are two kinds of people who should never be governor-general. One is a field marshal. The other is a member of the Royal Family. And the Duke of Connaught is both!"

\* \* \*

Mr. Massey, as a Canadian politician, has been under the scrutiny of his compatriots for at least thirty years. It is amusing, and I hope it is not

# Tradition Counts



## The Lake Superior Scottish Regiment (Motor)

Faithful to its motto "Inter Pericula Intrepidi"

"Into Battle Unafraid", the Lake Superior Scottish Regiment fought with distinction in both World Wars.

In 1950 the word "Scottish" was added to their name. The only regiment to wear the tartan of the clan Macgillivray, the Lake Superior Scottish is one of Canada's honoured regiments in which

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*l'èse-majesté*, to go back now to an article which appeared in this magazine nearly eighteen years ago. It was one of the sketches of public men signed by "R. T. L.", who has since been unveiled as Charles A. M. Vining:

"Mr. Vincent Massey is always active in something and usually a little anxious about it . . .

"He is now engaged in politics as president of the National Federation of Liberal Associations, a position which includes the privilege of contributing whatever effort may be necessary to win the next election.

"In this capacity he is regarded by imaginative persons as a sinister figure who plans presently to depose Mr. Mackenzie King, the Kingsmere nature lover.

"He is, however, quite content to let Mr. King be Prime Minister again and has absolutely no personal ambition in his present endeavors as long as he becomes the next High Commissioner in London . . .

"His first name is Charles but he never uses it because he fears that some people would call him Charlie.

"After the war he decided to go into business so he joined the Massey-Harris Company, worked hard and was promoted to the presidency in 1921 . . . He resigned as president of Massey-Harris to avoid trouble in the 1925 election and insisted on running in Durham, Ont., where his forefathers had started the agricultural implement business and where he owns a place called Batterwood, near Port Hope.

"He delivered some excellent speeches on economics, mixed with the people and lost the election by 650 votes and about sixteen thousand dollars . . .

"After the 1925 election he was uncertain about things for a year or so until Mr. King sent him to Washington as the first Canadian minister, a job for which he received twelve thousand a year and was obliged to spend fifty.

"He is subject to sudden seizures of obstinacy but is perfectly reasonable about anything as long as he gets his own way . . .

"He stuck it for four years in Washington, entertained the Willingdons there, survived other ordeals, and was gratified when he was duly rewarded in the spring of 1930 by being appointed to succeed the late Mr. Peter Larkin as High Commissioner in London.

"He bought a London mansion in Park Lane and intended to sail in September, but this program was slightly disarranged when Mr. Bennett won the election in July and decided to favor England with Mr. G. Howard Ferguson, a public servant who needed a change.

"He has, however, kept the Park Lane house, hopes to be living in it within another year or so, and thinks how nice it might be some day to welcome the Duke of Cambridge.

"In the meantime (1933) he is living in his place at Port Hope. He has a cabin in the garden where he does his correspondence and talks with people about the election. ★

## ONLY A SHORT TIME LEFT! GLADIOLUS

Gladiolus are scarce so act now to get these wonderful GLADIOLUS BULBS at less than 2¢ each! Assortment from flaming reds, yellows, purples, blues, pinks, whites, peach, multicolor, etc., now ready for first blooms and with many years of flowering ahead. Any bulb not developing first planting replaced free. Tremendous saving in these young virile bulbs already 1 1/2" to 2 1/2" in circumference. Truly an unbeatable offer. Order now on approval.

### SEND NO MONEY

When your carton of 100 Gladiolus bulbs and 3 extra tuberoses arrives pay postman only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage. Remember, these bulbs must develop to your satisfaction or your money will be refunded. But hurry! Send in your order today. This is a bargain you'll hate to miss.

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## "My '48 thinks it's a '52!"



Look, fella, don't get snooty with me! Folks may call you the smartest car in the block, but I know you're getting middle-aged.



You were a snappy number when I got you, but you've had some rough knocks since. Actually, last winter, I was ashamed of you.



Remember that scar along your side? And that banged-up rusty fender? You were no credit to the family.



And now you're putting on new car airs! Just because I took you to a DUCO-DULUX Refinisher and treated you to a new paint job.



I must admit that DULUX makes you look like a new car. If I didn't know you, I'd think you were just out of the showroom.



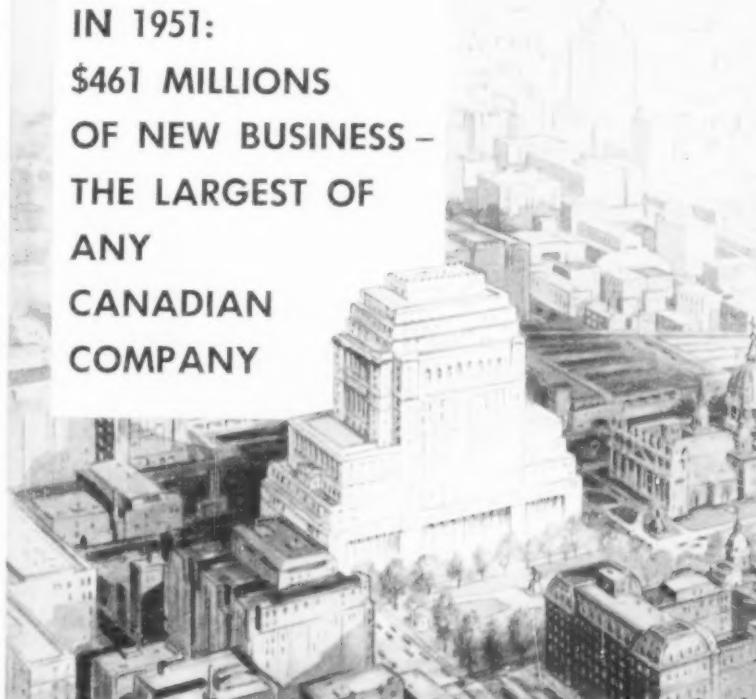
YES, SIR,  
I'M PROUD TO DRIVE YOU NOW  
THANKS TO DULUX WE'RE  
STARTING SUMMER WITH A  
NEW FINISH.

"DUKO-DULUX TM. Reg'd. Can.

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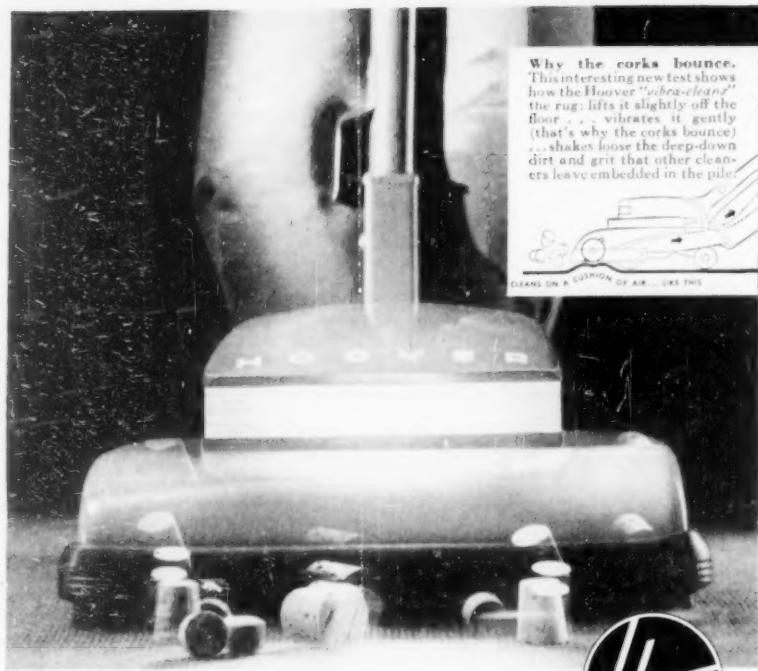
IN 1951:  
\$461 MILLIONS  
OF NEW BUSINESS -  
THE LARGEST OF  
ANY  
CANADIAN  
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and doesn't a bright-looking rug give the whole room a lift?

**The bouncing corks show that something is happening here**—something very good for your rugs. It's the gentle vibration that shakes loose the "murder grit" that cuts away the nap... the grit that's not removed by ordinary cleaners. Hoover, as we hope you know, beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans.

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**Cleans Everywhere** Just "click-in" any of the handy lightweight extension dusting tools, and your Hoover is ready to color-brighten drapes, lamps, upholstery, stair carpets... to dust bare floors, walls, tables. All contained in an easy-to-carry kit.

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**FIDELITY MONEYMAKERS CLUB**  
DEPT. MP-1  
210 Dundas Street West, TORONTO 2, Canada.

## The Day I Took That Bath

*Continued from page 65*

them up at the fireplace, took them into the bathroom along with a big saucepan with which to ladle the water from the taps into the tubs. I got a big beach towel to cover my shoulders when I was in position, as the bathroom showed daylight around the linoleum on the floor and was inclined to be a bit chilly. To be sure that I didn't run out of hot water I got a kettle of boiling water and placed it under the sink. I gathered together half a dozen magazines and piled them beside the tub. The place was beginning to look a bit like the boiler room of a leaky old ship.

When I settled into position I managed to spill quite a bit more water and found that to stop the flow I had to sit with my elbows up in the air, as if I were being measured for a vest.

I'm not quite sure yet of the sequence of events after that; but I remember making some motion in the tub that sent an extra amount of water over the side, just as my wife, who had finished her shopping earlier than she expected, came in the door, said, "There's water pouring out into the hall," then, on a rising note, "Bob, are you all right?" I said, "Yes, fine, just spilled a bit of water," waited till I heard my wife making the kids a bite to eat, then started looking frantically for a way to get the whole mess cleaned up without my wife seeing it. Then Mary, my youngest, announced clearly, with unerring instinct for a dramatic situation, "I have to go to the bathroom."

I remember hollering, hardly recognizing my own voice, "You can't want to go to the bathroom."

"I have to," Mary repeated calmly. I got up, swearing and dripping water, some in the tub and some outside of it, knocked the magazine on the floor, wrapped the sodden towel around me and opened the door. Mary took a fascinated look, just before I yanked her off the floor, lifted her over everything and then sank back into the soapy water, towel and all. The two of us sat there looking at one another. I hadn't noticed it when I opened the door but she was clutching a Bologna sandwich in her hand. She sat there eating it in a bemused fashion.

I don't know whether I could have passed her out again without my wife seeing the whole mess. But I never got the chance, for there was a knock at the door, I heard my wife go to the kitchen window and call: "It's the plumber."

It was then that I panicked, began to holler frantic instructions to my wife, got up, knocking over the empty tub and skidding on wet magazines, wrapped my towel around me and clutched Mary. So that she could hold on to me better I grabbed her sandwich from her and stuck it in my mouth as the only comparatively dry spot within reach. Then I kicked over the kettle, scalding one foot and sending a sheet of steaming water out under the door. I screamed around the sandwich.

I heard my wife shout, "For heaven's sake, have you lost your mind?" In a final breakdown of my presence of mind I opened the door, just as my towel slipped into the tub, and my wife opened the other door for the plumber.

I'll always remember that scene. There was Georgian Bay, and me standing in a washtub, holding up a little girl apparently to no purpose; a towel floating in the tub, a Bologna sandwich in my mouth, and the plumber, frozen in the act of licking a cigarette paper.

Since then I just haven't been able to recapture the old feeling about a nice long hot bath. ★

## SUGAR-GIANT GROUND CHERRY

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## Occupational Hazards

No job is really safe, it appears. Even bank clerks can sprain a thumb from counting hundred-dollar bills.

By PAUL STEINER

In Magog, Que., a police officer was suspended from the force a few hours after giving a parking ticket to the mayor.



Clayton Howard, a bus driver, was bitten by a passenger who objected when Howard awakened him at Brazil, Ind.

After spending a week collecting material for a series of stories on pickpocket thefts, a newspaper reporter in Winnipeg had the notes stolen from his pocket as he walked to his office.

In the Bronx, N.Y., a violinist had to have three stitches inserted when he caught his nose between the strings of his fiddle.



A Quebec City fisherman hooked the biggest trout in his life in the Jacques Cartier River, but he yanked too hard. Fish and line flew through the air and tangled in the antlers of a moose peering out of the trees. The moose made off with his line and prize.

A patient, told by a Chicago physician that there was nothing wrong with him, hit the doctor on the head with a hammer.

In London, inventor Alan Tamplin turned loose on his living-room floor a 280-pound radio-controlled model tank, which smashed the furniture, fused the lights and caused its creator to leap to a table top before it finally ground to a stop in the wreckage.

Hollywood actor Tony Curtis was unable to appear in close-ups for several days because he suffered a cut lip in a torrid love scene with a nineteen-year-old starlet.



In Atlanta, Ga., during a demonstration to show school children what to do in case of fire, seven firemen were overcome by smoke.



On a country road near Edmonton a truck driver ran over a farm family's pet dog. When he backed up into the farmyard to apologize he ran over the family cat.

DRAWINGS BY THORNE



Your dreams are stepping stones to the future . . .



**Bridal Bell**  
DIAMOND RINGS OF VALUE

When your choice is a Bridal Bell diamond ring, its sparkling beauty reflects the promise of "dreams come true". For your Bridal Bell can always be a "stepping stone" to future prosperity-- You can always get a full credit allowance for it on the purchase of a larger Bridal Bell diamond!

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THE PLAN THAT STEPS UP



YOUR DIAMOND SIZE

(Advertisement)

## Shirt-Ironing on the way out?

She laughed when her husband said he'd bought a new shirt that she would never have to iron.

"It's a B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirt. Know a fellow who's got a couple of them . . . and, honey, has he sold me on them! They never wrinkle, and even the collar and cuffs stay smooth without ironing."

"Just a minute," she broke in. "Does this wonderful shirt wash itself, too?"

"Well, practically. Look at the instructions. Just soak for a few minutes in lukewarm suds, then let it dry on a hanger."

It wasn't long before she was just as enthusiastic about B.V.D. Nylon shirts as her husband was, for she found they saved her such a lot of tedious ironing. "Just work it out for yourself," she tells all her friends today. "Fifteen minutes per shirt means you're spending about 2 hours per week ironing shirts. And if you've been sending them to a laundry, a B.V.D. Nylon Tricot for \$12.95 will pay for itself in laundry bill savings in about thirteen weeks."

B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirts always look smart, and because the fabric "breathes" through thousands of tiny holes, they're comfortable in all kinds of weather. The fused collar and cuffs never wilt . . . stay good-looking right through the long, long life of the shirt. Most fine stores are selling B.V.D. Nylon Tricot shirts today, and you have a color choice, too—blue, tan, grey and white. And remember, they'll outwear ordinary shirts several times over.

## FALSE TEETH That Loosen Need Not Embarrass

Many wearers of false teeth have suffered real embarrassment because their plate dropped, slipped or wobbled at just the wrong time. Do not live in fear of this happening to you. Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH, the alkaline, non-acid powder, on your plates. Holds false teeth more firmly, so they feel more comfortable. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug store.



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# MAILBAG

## Did Meyer Get a Fair Deal?



Please accept my compliments on your Jan. 15 editorial, Let the Supreme Court Review the Meyer Case. A member of a regiment in the occupation force, I had the opportunity of attending the trial.

It seemed to me a great deal of odd testimony was being allowed to get by with no argument from the defendant's lawyers . . . I had no reason to feel sorry for a German SS general, having fought against the Germans from Normandy to Oldenburg and been wounded during the Belgian campaign.

I was not the only one who felt that something phony was going on; other members of my regiment felt the same way.—A. J. Wilson, Dauphin, Man.

• Are you pro-German?—Mrs. Isobel McL. Boyd, Montreal.

• This man is a confirmed Nazi, knew the rules of war under the Geneva Convention and it was on his orders that defenseless Canadian prisoners of war were murdered in cold blood. What is Meyer's punishment for such a cold-blooded murder? A soft job in the prison library repairing damaged books and picking up English. If he is kept in prison for ten years it will not be a day too long.—H. Thomas, Mannville, Alta.

• It is often said "There is one law for the rich and another for the poor."—F. Martin, Robson, B.C.

• I entirely agree with your courageous editorial on the Kurt Meyer case. If the man had been given six months that would have been plenty . . . He would be an acquisition in Eisenhower's army, or even in Canada as a citizen.—E. S. Connolly, Bowen Island, B.C.

• You have undoubtedly got to the heart of the matter in indicating that the issue is much bigger than Meyer himself. To me, the most alarming phase of the whole issue is that we as Canadians are not in a position to criticize the trials which take place behind the Iron Curtain so long as we have this blot on our national conscience.—Roland A. Ritchie, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

**Vancouver in the Hills**  
THANKS FOR MENTIONING US IN LIVELY ARTICLE VANCOUVER TAKES TO THE HILLS (FEB. 1). CORRECT NAME OF OUR ALPINE RESORT IS DIAMOND HEAD CHALET, ONLY YEAR-ROUND ESTABLISHMENT IN GARIBALDI PARK. SNOWMOBILE NOW MAKES STERNER STUFF UNNECESSARY. THE BRANDVOLDS, VANCOUVER.

• I wonder how many people have written articles about Greater Vancouver have ever been there. Lana Gilbert says, "Three of these hills are so close to the city that the suburbs of West and North Vancouver wash part way up their flanks." North Vancouver is a city completely inde-

pendent of Vancouver. Also West Vancouver is a municipality all on its own. William T. Evans, RCN, North Vancouver.

• When was Lana Gilbert here during the winter? In 1950 (January) we had no rain but the mercury went down to zero and we were asked to curtail our use of electricity to a minimum because of a power shortage and two months' snow. Last winter started in December and lasted to February with much snow. This December—down to eight degrees with snow in mid December. Twelve days' snow indeed! Make it weeks!—Mrs. S. Allen, Vancouver.

### Sad Songs for January

Your Jan. 15 issue is full of dolor! Is it wise to publish so much sadness

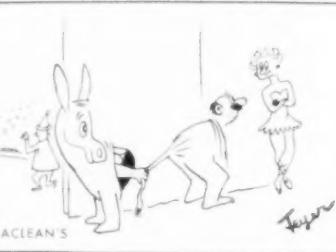


in one issue?—Dorothy McCann, London, Ont.

### The Riddle of Riel

Hearty congratulations for having had the courage to publish your Riel articles (Feb. 1 and 15). The spirit is perfect—an obvious attempt to understand the man and his personality. However . . . it was not Gabriel Dumont who ordered his men to pursue the police, but his brother, Edward Dumont, following the métis' victory at Duck Lake.—Frank W. Anderson, Calgary.

• I have a visible reminder of the Frog Lake massacre. A detachment of the North West Mounted Police, including my friend John B. Robinson, was sent to the scene of the tragedy. The Indians under Big Bear had dumped the bodies of the two priests into the pit under the church and burned the building. My friend found a tin box containing a collection of curios which he rescued and finally brought home to Gananoque. His widow later presented them to me to keep in my collection of Indian and other relics.—Frank Wright, Gananoque, Ont.



### Working for God

Just to thank you for publishing Why I Work For God (Feb. 1). I think it is most excellent for such an article to appear in a magazine that is not primarily of a religious nature.—H. T. Crosbie, Peterborough, Ont.

• The suggestion for a religious feature in your magazine will win popular applause by the splendid article by the Rev. D. S. Duncombe. Let us have more of this.—Rev. H. M. (Harry) Moss, Coleman, Alta.

• I would not be surprised if Duncombe did get in an argument with his grandfather. How disgusting to think he would drink beer with those he was to be leading to God. Rev. A. L. Stairs, Head of Millstream, N.B.

• He seemed like a very nice minister until I read the part where he called on the family with the beer keg and where he asked them to pour him a glass of beer. Too bad he has to win people to church with beer . . . Now beer means more than religion. I often wonder if these young priests are working for the Kingdom of God or the beer interests.—John Henery, Rosetown, Sask.

• I was amazed and shocked to see that he describes ordination to the ministry as "entering the church." This is a mistake usually made by ignorant people, and surely a priest knows that everyone who is baptized has "entered the church."—Mrs. V. Willett, Okanagan Mission, B.C.

### Baxter's Friends and Foes

The article looked for and read first is Baxter's Letter. We feel we should like to express our appreciation of this in particular, and your excellent magazine in general.—Mrs. S. Atherton, Brisbane, Australia.

• Expect you to hold onto Baldy B. as long as he can hold his present level of clowning.—R. Brady, Drummondville, Que.

• Don't drop Baxter.—J. L. Brown, Pilot Mound, Man.

• London Letter is always interesting, and I nearly always read it first, but sometimes I feel slightly nauseated.—H. A. Gibson, Calgary.

• Well done, Baxter! Your Letter of Dec. 1 is the best yet.—G. Lodwick, Cliffside, B.C.

• I have nothing but contempt for the Frog Lake massacre. A detachment of the North West Mounted Police, including my friend John B. Robinson, was sent to the scene of the tragedy. The Indians under Big Bear had dumped the bodies of the two priests into the pit under the church and burned the building. My friend found a tin box containing a collection of curios which he rescued and finally brought home to Gananoque. His widow later presented them to me to keep in my collection of Indian and other relics.—C. S. Tompkins, Ottawa.

• I fear Mr. Graham is standing quite alone in his criticism of a man of such outstanding journalistic ability.—Edith McKenney, Wyoming, Ont.

• I cannot write too highly of Beverley Baxter.—Miss E. W. Kirkwood, Terra Cotta, Ont.

• Blair Fraser's report on the British elections was rather refreshing after the continuous diet of B. Baxter. I really think we ought to have a change after all these years.—W. M. Armstrong, Vancouver.

• I hope B.B. will tell us the reason why Churchill received such a small



MACLEAN'S

"Just a moment dear, I'm putting the cat out."

majority in the recent Old Country general election. Howard H. Cullis, Victoria.

• In your issue of Feb. 1, why did Beverley Baxter take Lord Nelson's remains from St. Paul's and re-inter them in Westminster Abbey? They were quite all right in St. Paul's Cathedral. H. J. Emery, White Rock, B.C.

• Why do you spoil your otherwise most excellent magazine with a continuance of Baxter's London Letter? Many of us in western Canada knew this lad in France during War I.—Harper Reed, Atlin, B.C.

• Re Baxter's London Letter (Dec. 1), The Great Days Are Not Ended: Would the whole article could be made into a pamphlet and scattered all over the U. S. A. Anna Brander Gray, Boston.

• Tonight something STINKS. Why is a picture of Eva Peron taking up room in a Canadian paper? Why is an article (by Beverley Baxter) founded on any saying of this woman, who stands beside one of the tyrants of this world?—Marguerite F. Cleary, Ste. Agathe des Monts, Que.

• I enjoy every article you publish, with the exception of Beverley Baxter's letters, for I cannot seem to get interested in them no matter how hard I try. Mrs. Percy Morrison, Waterdown, Ont.

• I particularly enjoy your London Letter. We all know Mr. Baxter is a Conservative. However I am sure all his articles are fair to all. Sorry a few disgruntled Liberals think otherwise.—Robert Noble, Bowmanville, Ont.

#### Help for the Rickys

We wish to thank Maclean's for publishing the article, Ricky Will Never Grow Up (Jan. 1). The public generally does not know that thousands of Canadian homes have this sad condition with a mentally retarded child who can never go to school. Many parents' groups have been formed in the United States and some in Canada, that we might unite in helping one another bear this burden by obtaining some suitable day classes. We will be pleased to send information to groups of interested persons on how to organize a parents' council. — Pauline Holmes

Parents' Council for Retarded Children, 552 Birchmount Rd., Scarborough Jct., R.R. 1, Ont.

#### Warrior in Paradise

I would like to congratulate McKenzie Porter for his article on Mahomet in your Jan. 1 issue (The Warrior Who Fights on From Paradise) — a timely historical record of a great driving force.—Colin Clarke, La Cave, Ont.

• The statement, "Lawrence's dreams for an association of seven Arab states were shattered by the jealousies of the sheiks" simply is not so, as many who can remember back to World War One know that the British were behind Lawrence's campaign, and he fully expected the promises he made to the Arabs would be made good if the Germans and the Turks were defeated. Lawrence was so furious at the double cross the Arabs got that he handed back his medals and decorations to the King and changed his name to Shaw.—Howard King, Vancouver.

#### The Career of Robert Greig

The Greigs (How the Greigs Put Pop Through College, Jan. 15) should sue Maclean's. What business has this publication parading before the country a case of incompetence and lack of just plain ordinary common gumption? Unless they have very thick skins they don't wish to be played up as great heroes because he finally did squeeze through university on taxpayers' money.—E. A. Pearce, Uphill, Ont.

#### A Friend for Maisie?

Please will you print my letter, asking if any readers will be my pen friend? I am 36, have been an invalid since I was 18, and have been in this hospital 11 years. I am unable to do anything, only read and write. I am quite happy, because the sister and nurses are so kind to me.—Maisie Bromley, Ward E, Scarthoe Road Infirmary, Grimsby, Lincolnshire, England.

#### Holes and Poles

One item I rarely miss is Wit and Wisdom. It's good. However, I'd like to draw attention to the recent piece



about digging a hole being the only job at which you can start at the top. What about painting a flagpole?—E. F. J. Flemming, Halifax.

#### The Movie Censors

I have just finished reading your report on Movie Censorship (Jan. 15) . . . I never fully realized to what an extent the various provinces had made this censoring such a revenue-producing affair nor how stupid the taxpayers are in allowing themselves to be so completely hoodwinked . . . The significance of the freedom of the Press becomes more apparent. — Laurence Fryer, Calgary.

• It was stated that Olivia de Havilland won an Oscar for The Snake Pit . . . she was edged out that year by Jane Wyman. She did, however, in the following year win an Oscar for The Heiress.—Dennis Boulton, Toronto.

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STANDARD OF LIVING



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AS BROAD AS CANADA — AS LOCAL AS MAIN STREET

# Belanger 99...1951's "Winningest" Car Used Champions Exclusively!



Murrell Belanger with his Belanger Special and his pit crew of outstanding race-car technicians.

"When Lee Wallard won the 1951 Indianapolis 500 mile race at the record speed of 126.244 M.P.H. average, it was the first time the race had been run under four hours. That's a terrific test of car, engine, tires, brakes and spark plugs. After Wallard's injury, Tony Bettenhausen took over, winning eight of the remaining races. This brought the total for the Belanger Special to nine wins out of fifteen AAA Championship events—a record for any one car in one season. Tony, my head mechanic and myself really know the meaning of that word dependability and in my book, it's a synonym for Champion Spark Plugs. They're built to live up to their name and they do."

Murrell Belanger

Owner of 1951's "winningest" car, Mr. Murrell Belanger.



Lee Wallard, winner of the 1951 Indianapolis Race at the record breaking speed of 126.244 m.p.h. average.



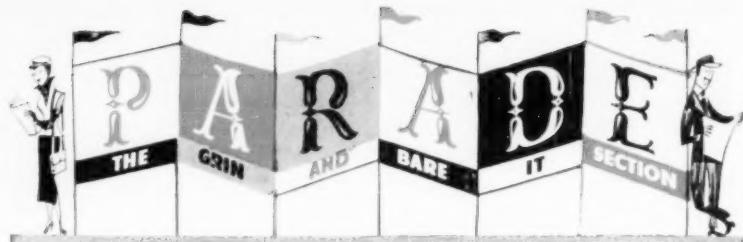
Tony Bettenhausen, 1951 AAA Champion Race Driver, with eight wins out of fifteen championship events.

**FOLLOW THE EXPERTS**

DEMAND CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS FOR YOUR CAR



*The Sign of Dependable Service!*



WHEN a man in Nanaimo, B.C., stopped at the local tavern after work he soon found himself deep in conversation with friends and forgot the time. Fortunately his wife had a sense of humor. Well past his dinner hour a messenger arrived with



a covered tray bearing a perfectly cooked meal: "With the compliments of your wife, sir!"

A Winnipeg policeman was trying unsuccessfully to fix a parking ticket on the windshield of a battered old car when a bystander walked up and said, "I happen to know the man who owns that wreck and the poor guy could never pay the fine anyway."

After the soft-hearted cop had torn up the ticket and departed the bystander climbed into the car and drove off.

When the assistant manager of a new factory north of Toronto found two men eating their lunch in the cafeteria at 11:30 a.m. he asked why they weren't working. "We got hungry," they explained.

"Report to the manager. No one in this company eats till noon" was the angry retort.

"We'll see him when we've finished eating."

"If you don't report immediately you're fired!"

"Oh, no, we're not," said one man gently. "We're here installing phones for the telephone company."

Army band played in the street outside. When she heard a knock on the door she thrust a quarter into the hand of the uniformed, peaked-capped man on the dark threshold and closed the door quickly.

When she met the naval man again he explained why he'd broken their date—his ship had been posted out. Apologetic but puzzled, he asked, "That business with the quarter—is it a Canadian custom when a man stands you up?"

A writer of advertising copy at CKNW, New Westminster, B.C., got a phone call from one of his clients, a used-car dealer. After giving details about the particular car he wanted to plug on that night's broadcast the dealer added, "And give it lots of punch, eh? Put some real sales appeal into it."

The writer gave it all he had. When the dealer opened up his lot next morning the car had been stolen.

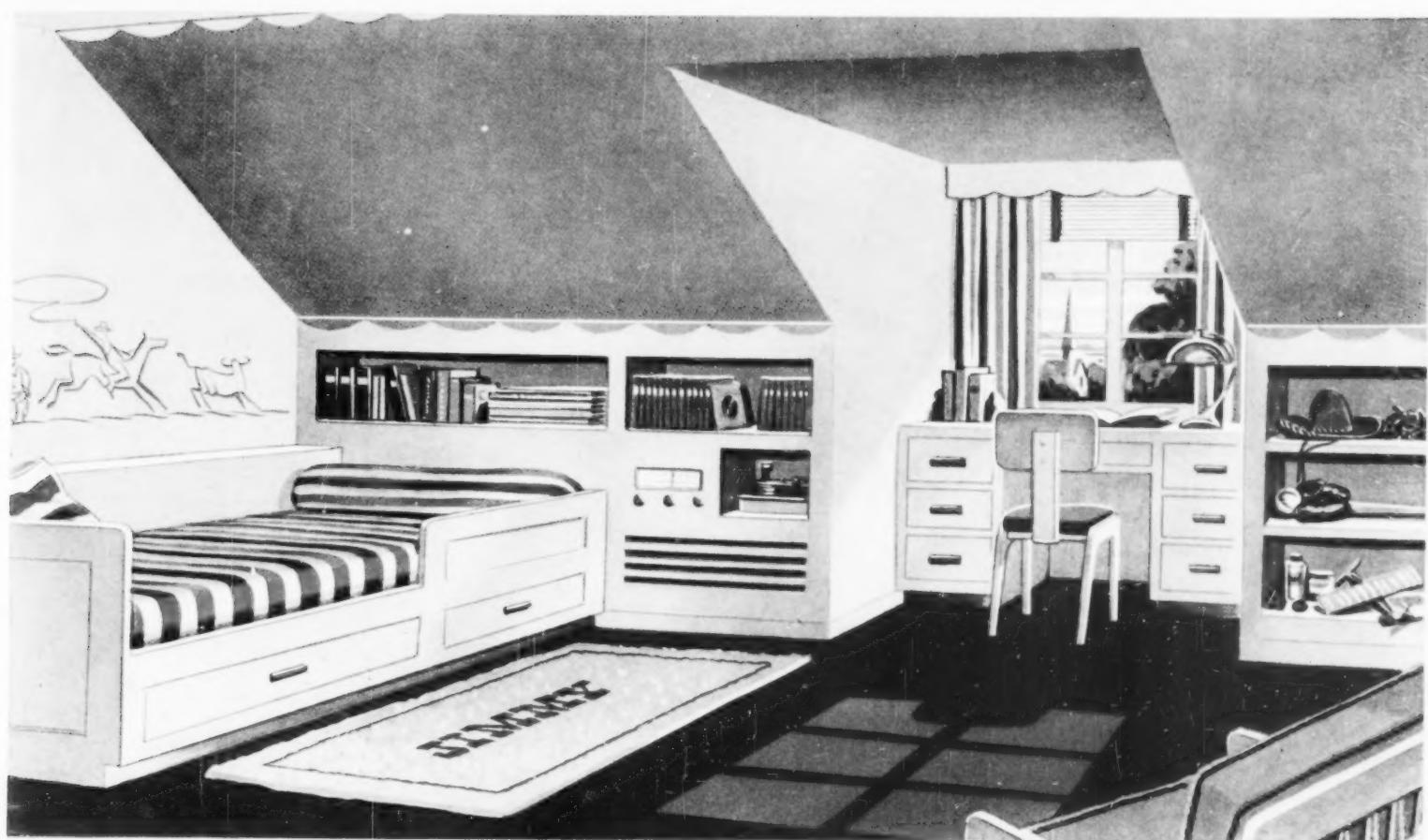
On a crowded Montreal streetcar a man was reading a pocket thriller while a girl stood clutching the rail over his head. Fumbling in her purse she dropped a lacy handkerchief in his lap. Neither noticed what had happened until a woman nearby



tapped the man's arm and pointed silently at the hanky. He took one horrified look and hastily stuffed it into the top of his trousers.

During the Toronto transportation strike a pedestrian hitched a ride with a friendly motorist. As he got out he noticed a rubber lying by the roadside. Assuming he had kicked it out he made a valiant attempt to return it by throwing it through the open window of the departing car. The driver spent the rest of the day nursing a bruised cheek and hurt feelings while his passenger cursed himself for throwing away one of his own rubbers.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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GYPROC WOOL offers everything needed in a building insulation, providing lifetime comfort with real fuel economy. It is fire-resistant, moisture-repellent and permanent—lasts as long as the building.

GYPROC Fire-Protective WALLBOARD offers a priceless bonus of fire-protection wherever walls and ceilings are built. They are permanently strong, smooth and even,

because GYPROC WALLBOARD won't shrink, swell or warp. Joints can be made invisible with GYPROC JOINT FILLER and TAPE.

Adding a "decorator's touch" with texture paint on walls and ceilings is modern and exciting. Simple, too, when you use one-coat GYPTEX Texture Paint, available in six distinctive colors and white. Another G.L.A. product, ALATINT Casein Paint, is the popular choice for finishes that are satin-smooth.

Whenever walls or ceilings are built, insulated, or painted, there is a G.L.A. Product to help you. Specify GYPROC, a registered trade name for your protection.

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VANCOUVER CALGARY WINNIPEG TORONTO 5 MONTREAL 2  
GYPROC WOOL INSULATION • GYPROC WALLBOARD • GYPROC LATH AND PLASTERS • GYPROC SHEATHING  
GYPTEX TEXTURE PAINT • ALATINT CASEIN PAINT • G.I.A. STUCCO PAINT



#### GYPROC WALLBOARD

Smooth, seamless walls made with GYPROC, the fire-protective WALLBOARD. Takes any decoration, won't warp, shrink or swell.



#### GYPTEX TEXTURE PAINT

For distinctive wall textures in colours. Just brush it on—then pat with a sponge.



#### GYPROC LATH and PLASTERS

For strong, durable and fire-safe plaster walls and ceilings.



## Quality you can trust

An offer of Coca-Cola is more than just an invitation to refresh. It's a way of saying with assurance, "here's something wholesome and delicious for you to enjoy." So for pleasure or refreshment—or both—have a Coke!

